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SOCIALISM WITHOUT CONTROVERSY?

THE Prime Minister's broadcast, introduced as the opening talk of a "Party Controversy," was a sober and uncontroversial appeal for hard work and discipline. Such appeals, when combined with drastic Governmental action, were effective in wartime because there was agreement on the end to be achieved. The wartime Coalition broke down because there was no such national unity on post-war aims. Mr. Attlee became the head of a Party Government pledged to build the foundations of a Socialist Britain. His mandate was not "to maintain national unity," but by constitutional means to carry through a social revolution. If this meant anything, it involved a parliamentary battle which would divide the country, at least as sharply as the Liberal Programme of 1906.

During the crisis the Government was in a position to appeal, with immense effect, to the public on a national basis. It was extremely cautious in doing so from an over-nice sensitivity to the argument of fair play to the Opposition. Now that "controversial" broadcasting has been introduced, Mr. Attlee opens the bout with a non-controversial appeal.

Controversy, however, is the life-blood of representative Government. To sacrifice it, for the sake of unity, is to undermine the belief in democratic institutions. Mr. Attlee seems to believe that his task is limited to telling us what should be done and leaving us to decide whether to do it or not. His real task is first to decide what the Government will do and then to persuade the nation to accept it. If the nation rejects his policy, it can reject his Party at the next election.

The reason for the Government's failure to act more decisively is its determination to maintain a bi-partisan foreign policy. The chasm between the Government's Socialism aims at home and Mr. Bevin's declared belief that our security depends on America becomes more evident every day. The President's message to Congress has merely underlined the choice.

If Mr. Bevin is right, then our course is clear. We should welcome Mr. Truman's forthright statement and take our place in the ranks of an American-financed anti-Communist Axis. We should accept the task allotted to the Armed Forces by the American Chiefs of Staff and rely on financial assistance in 1949 "to prevent our going Communist." We should accept Mr. Marshall's lead at Moscow and use the Conference not to try to work out an agreement with Russia for a United Germany and United Europe but to demonstrate that we can build an anti-Communist Western Europe strong enough to resist Russian penetration. Finally, we should accept as a British responsibility the policing of the Middle East and the construction of a firm anti-Communist Arab bloc to defend the oilfields and to threaten Baku.

The drawback to this policy is not merely that it makes nonsense of any hope of Socialism in this country or in Europe, but also that it accepts and deliberately perpetrates the division of the world into two ideological alliances. If it is successful—and that is a very big if—in constraining Russia into submission without a war, it introduces as the pattern of the new World Order, not Mr. Henry Wallace's Century of the Common Man, but the American Century of Mr. Luce. In this World Order British domestic economy, increasingly dependent on America, would have to conform to the pattern of American free enterprise.

For eighteen months the Government has been trying to persuade itself that reliance on American financial and military support was compatible with adherence to the United Nations Charter and to the terms of the Anglo-Russian alliance. President Truman has very deliberately destroyed these illusions. He has promised American aid in rebuilding the Greek and Turkish armies, unilaterally as a piece of dollar strategy directed quite openly at the Soviet Union. That he has done so after a long period of Communist expansion is irrelevant. What is important now is that neither Russia nor America is willing to accept the United Nations as an alternative to a system of defensive alliances, and that both are determined to expand their zones of influence "by all means short of war".

The message to Congress makes a bi-partisan foreign policy in the House of Commons impossible. Mr. Truman has compelled Mr. Attlee either to adopt the Churchillian line and to surrender all hopes of a Socialist Britain or to break decisively with the Tories on foreign policy. By his action in Greece and Turkey he has completely ruled out the central principle of the Prime Minister's broadcast—Socialism without controversy.

The alternative to accepting President Truman's lead and paying the political price for another American loan is a drastic reshaping of our home and foreign policy. This would rally the Labour Movement, but also divide the country. To combat the unemployment crisis which would threaten us if the Government decides not to ask for another loan, Mr. Attlee would have to take emergency powers at least as large as those assumed in 1940; and he would have to use them far more drastically against the employers' class. He would have to be willing to out-face the charge of totalitarian planning which would be made by the Tories. He would have to build up our trade systematically with the soft currency countries and to tell us that we must accept a temporary lowering of our standard of living while the plan for the re-equipment of our capital industries is carried out. He would have to reduce the vast expenditures in the Middle East and Germany both of men and money, which are the main causes of our crushing deficit. Finally, he would have to base our security on an Anglo-French alliance, designed not to assist in the winning of a world war by either Russia or America, but to deter either of those Powers from shooting it out.

Such a policy would be both revolutionary and risky. But the country is sick of impartial, non-Party statements about its troubles. It is waiting for a lead. It knows that there is a choice to be made and a bitter political battle to be fought. It expects a Government to govern and is disappointed when the Cabinet repeats "It is up to You," instead of assuming responsibilities, announcing a policy and carrying it through.

A Better Plan for Greece

There is another way of handling the Greek issue—through the United Nations. Last year, when Unrra was preparing to withdraw from its European relief work, LaGuardia and Sir John Boyd Orr, as Director-General of F.A.O., appointed a joint mission to Greece of several distinguished and independent experts, led by Franklin S. Harris, President of Utah Agricultural College. Their terms of reference were agricultural rehabilitation, but their investigations took them beyond that. They found that Greece can double or treble its production per head and its national income within a few years, perhaps within three years. They proposed irrigation and hydro-electric schemes which would give Greece the equivalent power of Boulder Dam. The plan meant, not soup-kitchen relief, but regeneration of the soil of Greece, the training of its people in modern methods, modern technology and for the expansion of industry. It predicated proper roads and the mobilisation of the population for large-scale public works. It proposed a scheme of housing reconstruction and means of controlling inflation. But it demanded also that all political and business interference with the farmers' co-operatives and banking discrimination against them should stop. It stipulated Civil Service reforms and a new tax system. It pointed out the impossible burden imposed by the occupation of soldiers (including the British) of technical colleges, schools, and, in fact, of most intact buildings. The experts claimed that their water-power plans alone would make Greece self-sufficient. What is more, the report was accepted and endorsed by the Greek Government. The report called for a United Nations Mission, including the specialised agencies—Economic and Social Council and F.A.O., the International Bank, and the Monetary Fund—to put the scheme through. It would be advisory but on the condition (accepted by the Greek Government) that failure to implement undertakings would mean withdrawal of the international loans. Instead of this mission, the President sent Mr. Paul Porter. Instead of a loan under international control, the Americans are to pour 200,000,000 dollars into a leaking bucket. Instead of long-term regeneration, it is subsidising the army. Instead of engineering the Administrative reforms which the Uno Mission regarded as essential, it is buttressing a dubious administration.

No Progress Towards Atomic Control

Though attention has been distracted from the Atomic Bomb by Mr. Truman's concern with Greece and Turkey and by the Foreign Ministers wrangle about Germany, it remains the most crucial of our problems. Though we are well aware of its catastrophic implications, no decision about its control has been reached. It is nineteen months since the bomb fell on Hiroshima. At that time, it was said that two years was the period probably required by any technically advanced country to discover the "know-how" and, if it desired, to make the bomb. Professor Joliot-Curie, French High Commissioner for Atomic Energy, though he has repeated the French pledge to Uno not to make atomic bombs, has given what seems a fairly accurate description of how the bomb can be made. Argentina, which possesses resources of uranium and has access to thorium, the two fissionable materials, is reported to be undertaking large-scale research. Britain, though denying any intention of constructing Atomic Bombs, has imported at least 1,000 tons of uranium ore. Other nations are doubtless mining or importing uranium. The technical experts (including the Russians) have already agreed that international control is practicable if the uranium deposits are under international supervision and fissionable materials controlled at source, but, until the control begins, the stock piles can be built up. It was, no doubt, a blunder not to admit Russia as a war-time partner to the secret: it was even more foolish when the generous and sane proposals of the Lilienthal Report were vitiated by Mr. Baruch's introduction of the veto controversy for political reasons. The Russians baulked at this. Though Stalin made what appeared to be a hopeful gesture on the subject of inspection, that has now been revoked by Mr. Gromyko. The United States demands inspection before America undertakes atomic disarmament. The Russians are unwilling to accept inspection which might disclose their military secrets—perhaps their weakness—to an atom-armed Power. Meanwhile, suspicion grows, the stock of bombs in the United States accumulates, and other nations prepare their national plans in secret.

Since Mr. Attlee's visit to Washington, Britain though partner in the ownership of the bomb, has apparently abdicated all political responsibility for it. Britain has a right to speak on this matter, though Sir Alexander Cadogan is apparently given no instructions to take the initiative. If the deadlock is to be broken, we must urge that the question of the veto—which is not essential to the establishment of international control and inspection—should be dropped. We should also urge the early creation of the Atomic Development Administration and the erection of plants outside the U.S.A. Finally, we should demand that America stops making atomic bombs as soon as the A.D.A. survey of resources begins and should, under A.D.A. supervision, dismantle the stocks of bombs within a specified time. We cannot dictate to the United States, but we can at least offer a constructive lead.

Unrealities at Moscow

Mr. Truman's message on Greece and Turkey has not affected the Moscow Conference. It was already clear that American policy was to support anti-Soviet groups in countries bordering the U.S.S.R.; these include Germany and all the countries of Eastern Europe. On this basis no serious agreement can be reached about Germany. The State Department, in fact, does not desire a unitary Germany unless it is dominated by America. The test issues are reparations and the Ruhr. The overriding fear in both the French and Russian minds is that once again, as after the last war, the heavy industry in the Ruhr will be rebuilt as a potential arms centre by Western capital. Their fears would be allayed if America and Britain would agree to control of the Ruhr by an international body which would plan its industry, export some of its coal, forbid an excessive steel production and, instead, increase Germany's light industry. The indications are that America and Britain would be opposed to Russia's inclusion on such a board of control, even though a Russian representative on the control body would not endanger anyone's safety. If the Conference breaks down on the issues of reparations and the Ruhr, the French fears will be confirmed that America has only gone to Moscow as a gesture to public opinion, and that the Allies are again making the mistake of thinking that Germany will only be a danger to the East and not to the West. The Soviet response is to strengthen its argument for reparations from current production by agreeing to a 10 million tons steel production for Germany, to stand on its own interpretation of Potsdam, and generally to attempt to demonstrate the malignity of the West by its diplomacy and propaganda.

Poor Little Japan

The "yellow bastards," for whom in American eyes only a year ago atom bombs provided too easy a death, are now presented to the world by General MacArthur as peaceful Christian democrats, unhappily deprived of their monopolies in Korea, Formosa and Manchuria. The next stage presumably will be an appeal in Washington for the poor Germans suffering from the loss of France, Czechoslovakia and the Ukraine. If General MacArthur's statement leaves some G.I.s wondering why they fought the war, it has at least the advantage of finally demonstrating the truth that propaganda is for sentimentalists and policy for business and strategic interests. General MacArthur is merely expressing Mr. Truman's policy in Asiatic terms. China was to be the quick-profit market for American goods and the ally against the Soviet Union. With China disintegrated, Japan has to play this double role.

As virtual dictator of Japan, General MacArthur combines great administrative ability with a consistent American policy of maintaining the extremely conservative Yoshida Government. After a well-dramatised display of liberalism in which political parties and trade unions were revived, he subsequently banned all strikes, explaining that he could not permit "the use of so deadly a social weapon in the present impoverished and emaciated condition of Japan." General MacArthur now demands an early and "soft" peace treaty for Japan. Presumably this was a unilateral statement of policy; China's voice has been silent throughout the occupation; Britain and the U.S.S.R. are both virtually excluded. Thus the peace conference in the Far East can scarcely fail to be another trial of strength between America and the U.S.S.R., with the armies of both countries facing each other at the 38th parallel which divides Korea. Manchuria, the return of which area to China is a ten-year-old assumption, may well be the centre of a fierce bargaining between the Russians, who have stripped the industries of the area, and the Americans, who, in their new concern for Japanese business, will regard this machinery as Russia's share of reparations.

Palestine Vacillations

The reasons given for lifting martial law in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv will deceive neither Jew nor Arab. The unpleasant truth is that during the fortnight of its enforcement there was an increase of successful terrorist activity. By clearing the streets of civilians and civilian cars, the British authorities greatly assisted the Irgun and the Stern gang. Since every target was a military objective, they could shoot at sight. Martial law and the curfew, as we have constantly argued, are positive advantages to an underground organisation which is reluctant to kill Jews and Arabs and determined to make war on the British. By imposing them and then lifting them after fourteen days, the Palestine Administration has merely given to the terrorists a cheap victory and lowered its own prestige still further. Meanwhile, what is to happen to the British residents evacuated to this country in "Operation Polly"? Many of them are without funds or homes, and at present are being charged 24s. 6d. a week for accommodation in Ministry of Labour hostels. But there is little object in sending them back to Palestine so long as the British there are confined in ghettos into which the terrorists seem to penetrate without difficulty. The Colonial Secretary and the High Commissioner are known both of them to have opposed these panic security measures. It is high time that they made up their minds to stop them and persuaded Mr. Bellenger to deal firmly with G.H.Q. Middle East in Cairo, which has been responsible for introducing them.

The Ban on Empire Books

The ban on imports of books from Australia may not seem in itself a large matter; but it is of the first importance to do nothing to impede the free circulation of ideas between this country and the Dominions, as well as to give Australian and other Dominion authors a larger market than they can look for at home. The reason for the ban is, as usual, the American objection to "discrimination"—an objection which they are tying us down to swallowing as a condition of the Loan Agreements. If we give free and unlicensed admittance to a small number of Australian and Canadian books, we shall be told by the Ameri-

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cans that we are under an obligation to allow American books and periodicals to come into this country on the same terms—a provision which would cost us a great many dollars we can ill afford and would give rise to complaints by British publishers that, with rationed paper supplies and austerity standards of production, they are in no position to compete with what the Americans can turn out. The whole affair is most unfortunate, and is yet another example of the very onerous terms on which this country purchased a respite from its economic difficulties when it accepted the commercial conditions attached to the Loan. We are not even in a position to evade the difficulty by the in itself bad expedient of taxing foreign, but not Empire, books, as an alternative to licensing; for this, too, would be regarded as breach of promise by the American antagonists of imperial preference. The only thing we could do would be to set up a public book importing corporation, and make the trade in current books a State-trading affair. Truly, a Nasmyth hammer to crack a nut; but it is intolerable that books from the Empire countries should be excluded, and there is even a danger that the exclusion may stimulate reprisals against the export of British books to the Dominion markets.

PARLIAMENT: War Estimates

Wednesday

When Captain Marsden complained that no White Paper had been published giving comparisons with foreign navies, he was saying what Labour members had asked throughout the Defence Estimate debates, "How can we know how much we need to fight with, if we don't know whom we are preparing to fight?" The Minister of Defence, Mr. A. V. Alexander, brooded on the Front Bench, his normal reefer-jacket mood a little drooping after his latest speech, but he didn't intervene to answer the vital question.

The discussions inevitably fell into two parts. There were those like Ben Parkin, who, in the course of an admirable speech, wanted more cocoa parties for WAAFs; and others like Woodrow Wyatt who wanted to reduce the manpower of the Army. Members with professional knowledge who urge detailed administrative changes in the forces perform a valuable service. During John Dugdale's very human presentation of the Naval Estimates, it became clear, for example, that criticism during last year's Estimates by Donald Bruce and Commander Pussey, from the Labour side, of the cramped living quarters for naval ratings, had resulted in the Admiralty making more generous arrangements for the future. The despondent back-bencher, addressing an almost empty House, may console himself that although one speech is merely a speech, two speeches on the same theme become a policy, and three speeches a demand with some hope of satisfaction.

The practical unanimity of the House on defence policy which marked the war-years, has now yielded to a more inquiring mood among back-benchers. With the decline of Labour's pacifist wing, the interest in the Estimates of Socialists with war experience has correspondingly increased. Back-benchers showed most energy in pressing the Secretary of State for War and their well-informed argument continued until three in the morning with vigorous speeches by Brigadier Low, and Colonel Wigg and apt interruptions by Callaghan.

The Air Estimates, by contrast, aroused less attention, and limped on with difficulty till the hour of adjournment. As the Service which might be expected to relieve some of the man-power burdens of the Army, the R.A.F. received only benevolence and kind regards. despite the heavy estimates of its needs. Harvey, Hollis, Shackleton and Mrs. Nicholl joined together in an aeronautical love-feast, with Philip Noel-Baker as the amiable and newly appointed god.

During the Naval Estimates the anxiety about general defence policy alternated with enquiry into administration. Mallalieu spoke most gracefully about racketeering, and movingly about the spirit of the Navy. Blyton, a Labour member, asked at the request of the Portsmouth Trades Council, about the cost of fitting up the Royal Ship. But it was Captain Marsden, a distinguished sailor, who got down to brass tacks. "In the old days," he said, referring to the Albanian mining of British vessels, "my Right Honourable friend, the Leader of the Opposition would have had a couple of battleships there next morning, asking why." This cannon-ball salvo was seen to fall short, when Michael Foot replied that it was a Tory Prime Minister who refused to take diplomatic action against Italy because he feared the Italian Navy.

Labour members were concerned to know the Navy's function. Was it to be a Mediterranean task force for the U.S. navy? Already in the Greek debate last Friday, they had feared that the Truman Doctrine for Greece had not relieved Britain of her military involvement but increased it. Perhaps, after all, the real decision as to the size of Britain's Defence Estimates will depend less on the House of Commons than on the Houses of Congress.

PHINEAS MINOR

THE AMERICAN CENTURY?

There has been no jubilation in America about the President's message to Congress. The mood is one of awed acceptance of the inevitable. The White Man's Burden has been picked up as it was falling from the shoulders of a faltering Britain. When it came to the point, America was faced with a psychological *fait accompli*. The feeling is not that America has decided to act, but that something tremendous has happened to America.

That the nation will accept its new responsibility is unquestionable. How it will fulfil it, is a matter which will be debated for years to come and cause new divisions in every party and political grouping. Both the Republicans and Democrats have been swinging for some years to the Right. One of the first results of American intervention in Eurasia will be to create a platform for a new anti-imperialist liberalism in both Parties. American foreign policy will be determined, for good or ill, by the ability of this liberalism to curb the excesses of the reactionaries who at present control the Administration and both Party machines.

If the opinion polls are any index, the anti-Communist campaign, despite its vigour, has had only partial success. The American public cannot easily be scared into a shooting war. The discussions whether Nazi Germany was a threat to the U.S.A. were still proceeding interminably when the Japanese bombs fell on Pearl Harbour. But the decision to stop Communist expansion by all means short of war will receive overwhelming public support.

The anti-Russian tide began to run fast in the autumn of 1945 when the Canadian spy scare hit the headlines; it was canalised in January of 1946 when Mr. Bevin called the New World in to redress the balance of the Middle East. It is hard to say whether Mr. Churchill's cleverness at Fulton, or Marshal Tito's folly in shooting down American planes did more to raise the flood; but the climax was reached on March 5th when M. Gromyko bluntly rejected the whole of the Baruch proposals for atomic control. The effect of this last act has been greatly underestimated in Britain; to Americans it seemed the wanton sabotaging of a wise and generous offer, and final proof, for those who needed it, of Russia's sinister intent to paralyse any action through the United Nations.

Though there are only a few Communist sympathisers and isolationists in America who do not think that Russian Communism must be stopped from spreading, there is considerable difference of opinion as to the most effective method of doing this.

Only a few Americans are foolish enough to think that bombs stop ideas. The liberals in both parties have always contended that American free enterprise (in which they believe) could do the job by providing an attractive alternative. America's vast generosity through Unrra has been a product of this belief. But the Yugoslav incidents and Russian intransigence began to discredit this internationalist approach. Gromyko's atomic policy finally convinced a Congress only too willing to be convinced, that Uncle Sam was being played for a sucker by action through the United Nations.

This gave the sceptics and pessimists the chance to go to the other extreme and produce for Truman a policy based on a direct challenge to "Communist aggression." Truman's message, therefore, went out of its way to be tough, to avoid reference to the United Nations, and to base itself on the national interests of the United States. The Administration learnt from its battle over the British loan that it is far easier to get money from Congress in order to hurt Russia than to help any other Power. From now on American generosity will be justified to the people not on ethical grounds but on the familiar war-time grounds of patriotism. This was made abundantly clear by the State Department spokesman who assured questioners that at least half the loan to Greece would be spent on the Greek Army, thus shattering any hope that the funds would be spent (as the F.A.O. suggested) to produce a new, more representative Government based on growing Greek prosperity.

There will undoubtedly be some debate on the President's proposals. Senator Taft objects to any American personnel going to these new outposts; Republican Knutson opposes the whole scheme as a plot by "the do-gooders" to ruin the country and stop his 20 per cent. tax cut. But as the St. Louis *Post Despatch* put it with horrifying clarity:—

> The struggle for world power between the United States and Russia has been brought completely into the open by Truman.
>
> Congress may ponder and debate but the President's address has committed that nation to all-out diplomatic action just as the declaration for a shooting war must necessarily follow when the President asks for it.

With the enemy so clearly named, prudence yields to patriotism, and caution becomes cowardice.

The policy on which America has now entered, as Mr. Truman frankly avowed, is not likely to stop at $4 million aid to Greece and Turkey. A country which is lavish with bribes may easily find itself being blackmailed. Hungary will need loans to remain outside the iron curtain; so will China and all the Arab countries; Japan already is on the payroll. By extending the Monroe doctrine to all non-Communist nations America has extended her resources very fully indeed. She will need great amounts of money and man-power. She possesses them; but will she use them? At the time that one Congress committee is offering 4 million dollars to save Greece and Turkey from Communism, another committee is discussing how to cut 4 to 6 billion from the Presidential budget.

There is no doubt that Congress will vote what is wanted this time. Half-consciously America is stepping forward into the position that made Britain unpopular in the 19th century. Separated from Europe in flying time by a distance equal to that of the Channel in the days of packet boats, she can view the Eurasian Continent with a detached air, offering money to the side which she decides is in the right ideological camp and avoiding those actual commitments of men that would be electorally unpopular. How far she will be prepared to go in the future we shall see when the new policy involves higher taxation or conscription. Out of these issues we can hope that a new American liberalism, corresponding to our Liberalism in the sanguine days of peace, retrenchment and reform, will develop in the Republican as well as the Democratic Party.

For the moment, however, there is a lot of hysteria about the Red Peril, largely because Russia has given plenty of provocation. But will this hysteria make America ready to risk not only dollars but American lives? Can Russia be relied on to produce sufficient grounds for emergency action all the time? In particular, can America sustain this high endeavour through a business recession, which is likely this year, or a Presidential election, which is inevitable next year? Two years from now, if American ardour cools and she withdraws or reduces her help to Turkey, Russia will still be the other side of the border. So, too, unless America is able radically to reform Greek politics and repair the whole economic structure, the Communists will remain the only alternative to a doubly-discredited set of rulers.

Such are the questions which thoughtful Americans are now debating. How they are answered depends, much more than we realise, on the attitude of the British Government. We may be economically weak and dependent on the United States. But, more than ever before, she is politically and militarily dependent on us. In these islands, in Germany and in the Middle East, British troops are now holding advanced posts which President Truman has frankly stated are vital to American security. That fact, by itself, gives to the Labour Government a preponderant influence in the formation of American policy in Europe and the Middle East. If Mr. Bevin plays in with the American reactionaries—as he has been doing for the last eighteen months—if he joins in the anti-Russian hysteria and seeks to win a further dollar loan by subservience to doctrines of free enterprise and interpretations of democracy which can only bring disaster, he will be destroying the chances, not only of British Socialism, but of a liberalisation of American foreign policy. Nothing will steady the President's policy and give heart to his liberal critics more than a firm stand by this country, whose political acumen is still deeply respected and whose troops are urgently required by the United States.

THE SCHOOL AGE

THE many voices that are now speaking against raising the school-leaving age on the appointed day give many different reasons for postponement. The first and most obvious argument is that it would be manifestly wrong, in face of the acute shortage of manpower, to reduce at this moment the already limited supply of juvenile labour. The next commonest is that the schools are not ready, and that an increase in the number of pupils will only add to the congestion and reduce the efficiency of teaching. The third argument is that there are not enough teachers. The fourth is that education authorities have their hands full enough already, and should not be asked to receive additional pupils until their plans of reorganisation are complete. The fifth, less often expounded in public, but very frequent in private talk, is that raising the school age is all nonsense in any case, and that the country is lucky in finding yet again an excuse for getting out of the false step it took when the realities of the post-war situation were less understood than they are now.

All these arguments, except the last, have about them something at any rate plausible; but none of them are convincing on analysis. The shortage of labour argument, though the most plausible, is among the less convincing. Those who use it often talk as if this shortage was a special phenomenon of the next few months, and as if it would no longer hold good were the raising of the school age put off, say, for a year. This, however, is by no means the case. If we measure the demand for labour by our needs, there is no doubt that the shortage will be with us for a long time, and that, as we cannot, save to a small extent through immigration, control the supply, the only effective way of dealing with the problem is to raise the productivity of such workers as we have, and in particular to ensure that the new entrants to industry year by year reach the highest practicable levels of efficiency. The fewer school-leavers there are, the more important it becomes to turn them into industry as alert and intelligent as possible: so that, if we believe that education can help in achieving this, the shortage of children works in favour of raising the leaving age rather than the other way. There would be something to be said on the other side if we were dealing, in respect of labour supply, with a passing emergency. But clearly we are not: the young worker for a long time to come will have a high scarcity value; and it would be very bad economy, in getting a few extra months of work out of him or her now, to lower productivity over all the subsequent years of employment. The shortage is indeed an excellent reason for looking carefully into our educational methods in order to make sure that they do as much as possible towards producing boys and girls who will apply their intelligence to production as well as to citizenship. But, emphatically, it is not a good reason for putting off the raising of the school age.

The shortage of buildings does present, in some areas, a very real problem. It is, however, a local problem, peculiar to some places, rather than a national problem applying to the whole country. It arises when the local population has steeply increased or there has been extensive bomb-damage to schools without a fall in local population. Over the country as a whole, it is not a very formidable difficulty; for enough progress has been made with the repair of damaged premises to get most of them back into use. It is true enough that many of the school buildings are most unsatisfactory and that it is bound to take a long time, even with the full use of emergency methods of construction, to get them up to a satisfactory standard. That, however, is nothing new: everyone was aware of it when the raising of the age was decided upon; and nothing that has occurred since has invalidated the view that schooling run in poor premises is to be preferred to no schooling at all. As for the space problem of finding places, quite a number of areas have plenty of accommodation available owing to the fall in the birth-rate; and if attention is concentrated mainly on building in areas that are short of places the problem is reduced to quite manageable dimensions.

Shortage of teachers is the third argument. But is there a shortage? There would be, if it were proposed immediately to implement the whole of the reforms contemplated under the Act of 1944, and particularly if classes were to be reduced at once to a satisfactory size. That particular reform, however, immensely desirable as it is, is bound to be held up by shortage of buildings; and it does seem likely that the emergency training arrangements that are now at work will yield a large enough crop of teachers—and, on the whole, of really good teachers who have gone into the job for love of it, rather than as a last resort—to supply the additional demand as fast as it accrues over the coming year. There will no doubt be shortages of some types of teacher; but on the whole the emergency crop arising out of the war is likely to be more adaptable than the average product of the ordinary training college course.

What, then, of the assertion that the Local Education Authorities have quite enough on their shoulders in dealing with reorganisation to make it undesirable to impose on them any additional burden? This argument would be more impressive if it were not usually advanced on behalf of those authorities which have been slackest and most behindhand in tackling their responsibilities under the Act of 1944. The authorities which have borne the heaviest burdens of reorganisation are, generally speaking, the readiest to take over the additional age-group; and it can safely be asserted that most of those which say they are not ready would eagerly take advantage of postponement to suspend such preparations as they have been driven into making, and would be found more unready than ever in a year's time.

The fifth—the whispered—argument rests on the belief that most people are not worth educating beyond 14, if up to that age, and is often combined with the contention that it is much better for most young people to "pick up" what education they need in industry itself rather than at school. This view rests on an obsolete conception of the character of most industrial employment. Under the old conditions of craft apprenticeship, there was something in the view that the young worker did learn a great deal "on the job"—though it has to be remembered that apprenticeship never applied to more than a minority, and that under the old system the disease of blind-alley employment was appallingly prevalent. Today, for most workers, employment means neither learning a skilled trade nor, at the other extreme, being thrust into an unskilled, blind-alley job. It means running some sort of machine, or engaging in some sort of work, which calls not for high craft skill, but for a dexterity that can be acquired quite quickly, if it can be acquired at all. The industrial process is not in itself educative, save for a small minority of those employed; but there is a widespread call for a fairly high degree of general intelligence and of adaptability to changing processes. These qualities can, broadly speaking, be acquired better in a well-run school than in most factories or places of employment. They call for an adaptation of school methods and curricula; but they also call for more schooling, and not for less.

In view of all these considerations, it is surely right to go ahead with the raising of the school age at the announced date. In the short run, the results are unlikely to be wholly satisfactory; but who ever supposed that they could be, even if much longer notice had been given? The problem of hideous and obsolete school buildings cannot be tackled in a day or a year; nor shall we discover, except by trial and error, the best methods of using the extra year.

It is curious how rapidly, in many quarters, the educational enthusiasm of a couple of years ago has faded out; and it would be still more curious if we had not watched exactly the same thing happening after the first World War. The Fisher and the Butler Acts were alike passed with a great deal of applause, and with very little opposition; and on both occasions public opinion seemed ready to go further than, in plain fact, it was practicable to go at once. When the Butler Act was under discussion, there were many bitter complaints that an early date was not being fixed for raising the minimum leaving age to 16, and that more time was not to be spent at once in the new County Colleges. But education is always apt to be the first victim of economic stringency; and in times of stringency most people tend to reckon in terms of outgoings rather than of returns. Yet for Great Britain today the really vital problem is that of productivity, which is partly a matter of equipment and partly, as we have cause to know, of fuel and materials, but is also, and in the final resort mainly, a matter of human quality at every level of the national manpower. Higher productivity involves better and better organised research, better and better trained managers and technicians, and, last but by no means least, better and more adaptable and lively minded ordinary men and women, with a fuller appreciation of the meaning of their part in industry and in society as well as a better training of hand and eye and mind for the actual processes of production. This is the economic case for more education, and it is the stronger for the fact that we have a hard economic row to hoe. It is not, of course, the whole case for education, which is bound up with the case for democracy and for treating all human beings as ends and not merely as means. But the economic case is a strong case on its own; and we can least of all afford to ignore it when manpower is scarce, and young manpower very scarce indeed and certain to remain so for many years to come.

A PARIS DIARY

FRENCH politics have reached an *impasse*. Nothing unusual in that, you will say; when were they in any other state? But there is a difference this time. In the past, though the parties represented real forces in the country, there was always room for manœuvre and the chance of a temporary solution by a reshuffle of personalities. Today the three great parties precisely represent three main blocs of public opinion. The position has a theoretical perfection that no one would expect to see in practice. Perhaps it is only possible in France, where ideas are taken seriously and positions logically held. The class struggle is sublimated in the Chamber of Deputies, and as long as all three parties can remain together in a single Government no open battle will take place in the country. But, for the same reason, vital decisions of policy are also impossible in the Government.

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The Communists have won organised labour and control the C.G.T., and are said to be making headway among the poorer peasants. They are excellently organised and seem certain to retain one-third of the French voters. Having their own Ministers in the Government, they have shed the minority frame of mind and hope to win by constitutional means. An Englishman in an important official position rather surprised me by saying that the best thing that could happen to France would be a Communist Government. Given full responsibility the leaders of French Communism (who are very French) would have to concentrate on the inescapable problems of France. One of these leaders the other day remarked that he was now in favour of maintaining the French Empire, though, of course, he would wish to share power with the popular movements in Indo-China and North Africa. Duclos is the dialectician and Parliamentary manager. Thorez is an excellent working-class leader. Over here people still talk about his betrayal of France and flight to Moscow in the early part of the war. They forget that he did not escape in order to avoid fighting for France, but to escape prison, where Daladier was shutting up all the Communist leaders. If Thorez had stayed he would have been captured and killed by the Germans.

* * *

The Socialists have in many ways done well in office. They have been at least partly successful in their effort to stabilise wages and prices. Almost every Paris shop has a notice saying the prices are reduced by 10 per cent. This at least means that prices are not rising. But everyone knows that big decisions are necessary and that the Socialists are often unable to make up their minds. If they make common cause with the Communists they will be swallowed up; if they were to support the clerical M.R.P. and repudiate the Communists, they would lose all significance. They represent a real and important part of France: the black-coated workers and small men of the middle class. They have taken on the mantle of the old Radical Party. Unfortunately, some of their leaders have been badly smeared by the scandals constantly written up in the Paris press and not always adequately cleared up.

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The Government has been able to prevent the newspaper strike ending in a wage increase for the workers. If that increase had been allowed, the whole wage structure would have collapsed and inflation would have become uncontrollable. The strike failed, and the moral is that no strike not supported by the C.G.T. can succeed. I was able to buy all the Paris papers once again when I left Paris on Monday morning. Rumour has run wild in the absence of newspapers, and it is whispered that the strike was a plot to bankrupt the press of the Resistance, which could not easily stand the heavy financial drain of a stoppage. However, I have not heard that any of the papers has been actually killed, though some of them complain on their front pages of the terrible financial burden imposed on them.

The Right is divided but increasingly active. Bidault represents no more than the remnant of the Catholic Party of Resistance. The P.R.L., which is not in the Government and which is a party of the extreme Right, was able recently to hold a meeting in which loud Fascist and Pétainist slogans were again heard. This would have been unthinkable only a few months ago. They are also demanding an amnesty for some of the worst collaborators. The excuse is that, contrary to custom, no amnesty was granted when Vincent Auriol was elected President of the Republic. The press on Monday also carried stories of Cagoulards drilling, and there is other evidence of preparations for the sort of street fighting that killed the Popular Front. The Right is, above all, trying to make capital out of the war in Indo-China. Reynaud's extraordinary attack last week on an Annamese who was sitting in the galleries led to a most disgraceful scene in the Chamber of Deputies. The Right think that confusion, inflation and chauvinism will pay them. They want to turn the Communists out of the Government. They prefer an open struggle in the country at a time when America is expanding and Russia withdrawing. Their best card is to exploit the national sensitivity of Frenchmen, who have not forgotten, as we have, that France was pushed out of Lebanon and Syria, and who are frightened of giving any further encouragement to Arab nationalism. I do not myself believe this manœuvre will succeed at present. The Communists well understand these tactics, and are careful, while proposing a moderate settlement with Viet-Nam, to avoid action that would isolate them. In the background waits de Gaulle. If the Right and Left openly clash in the country, he might emerge from his seclusion to be saviour of France. But it is far from clear what could happen, for de Gaulle never took trouble to keep on the right side of the generals who worked under him, and he has never disguised his hatred of the Vichyites. And the Vichyites, who return his hatred with interest, are in control of the forces of the Right today.

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Secret documents are not always very secret in France, and many people talk about General Morlière's report on the situation in Indo-China. It appears to be a most outspoken document, which declares that the large majority of the people of Cochin China as well as in Annam are in favour of Viet-Nam; that it is impossible for France to contemplate the type of military effort that would be required to reconquer the whole country, and that negotiations must begin with Ho Chi Minh. No good reply can be made to this expert analysis, and it is no doubt because negotiations are inevitable that the Right protests. When negotiations begin they hope to be able to accuse the parties of the Left of a policy of "scuttle."

* * *

Paris with its silver, fairy light can never be as drab as London. But I thought the people as weary, and the poor less well-fed than they are here. For a pound, or less if you know where to go, you can still buy an excellent dinner with wine, but what proportion of the Paris population can spend so much on a meal? Regulations are rather tighter than they were last time I was in France; it is not so easy to buy goods without coupons and hotels now issue and collect bread tickets. But there is no equality of distribution. French people look astonished when you tell them that though food in England is dreary, it has always been possible to get the minimum ration at a price everyone can afford. Deep in the country the villages, they tell me, are stacked with food. No attempt has yet been made to re-build Caen and other ruined towns, and a friend who has just come back from Normandy described the fantastic spectacle of a population with all the food in the world, but living in frozen misery in caves and cellars.

* * *

One very serious economic factor is that manufacturers seem to be hoarding even more than the peasants. This hoarding of consumer goods is one of the factors that give colour to the dark stories of "synarchism"—the supposed hidden hand of a few great financiers who are said to work behind the scenes, dictating the policy of French business and ultimately of French Governments. I remember being supplied with much unproven data about this mysterious organisation. I never paid much heed to it. On this visit, however, I have met very responsible people in a position to know such things who say that whether or not there is a group of "synarchists," it is certain that large supplies of money are forthcoming at critical moments to support the extreme Right, and to create confusion and inflation whenever there is a danger of the Left coming to power.

* * *

Waiting for a 'plane to bring me back to flooded England I fell into conversation with an English couple who had just spent a week-end in Paris. They said they had had to borrow money from friends, because, after all, it cost the whole of one's £75 allowance, didn't it, to have a proper week-end in Paris? They said England seemed to be worse off than anywhere else. They had recently been in Egypt, for instance, where everyone had a wonderful car and a wonderful time. I said there were few places in the world where poverty was more terrible than Egypt. "Oh," said the man, "you know what I mean; it's a place where you can buy anything you want, isn't it?" When he added that he hated England and never wanted to return there, I refrained from the obvious retort that we could do without him. An R.A.F. officer living in France who overheard the conversation told me that he had been five years in a German prison and found that he did not want to live in England either. He felt the need of sun and colour. "But," he added, "I shouldn't like it if I didn't know there was always England to come back to." That was a position that I had no difficulty in understanding.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Kenneth J. Nicholls.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

By a narrow margin Rushden (Northants) Men's Fellowship, after a debate, voted that the B.B.C. was not a menace to Christianity.—*Reynolds News.*

Ald. Gentle: Then I move that the Town Planning Committee be instructed to consider this matter in all its aspects *de novo*.

(The debate was here interrupted while the meaning of the Latin words were explained to certain councillors.)—From the *Cinema.*

Pitsea, Essex, has not yet decided how to spend its 1914-18 war memorial fund.—*Sunday Express.*

Supporting the resolution, which was carried unanimously, Lord Hinchingbrooke said our future depended on free and unrestricted trade and travel throughout the world. We should turn our backs on high protection, and become a great importing nation again. Exports were a secondary consideration to-day.—Report in *The Times.*

In Epstein's sculpture of Adam the navel is clearly visible. Adam was created and so had no navel.—Letter in *Illustrated.*

Opening her talk, Miss Crisp spoke of the Food Minister (Mr. Strachey), having just appointed some hundreds of nutritional experts, which was exactly what the Germans had done after World War I. "I see no point," she added, "of hanging Nazis in Nuremberg and then adopting their methods over here."—Report in *Cambridge Daily News.*

FINLAND: THE NEXT PHASE

Finland is the happy freak of Europe—the only ex-enemy country which was never occupied by Allied troops; which, though it lost, as a result of its dangerously anti-Soviet policy, one-tenth of its territory, suffered extremely little direct damage from the war; and which has today probably by far the healthiest economy of any of the belligerent countries in Europe. Everybody, in his own way, is helpful to Finland. The Swedes have been helping Finland all along, if only in relatively small ways, with food and credits and very lax Customs regulations, so that large quantities of food and other commodities are being continuously "smuggled" from Sweden into Finland. The Finns have been assisted by America, which has already granted Finland seventy million dollars of credits; by other creditors like Brazil; and also by Britain which—for her own and for Finland's good—has done everything to resume large-scale trade with Finland, with the result that in 1946 she held first place both among Finland's foreign suppliers and among Finland's customers. And, what is more, the Soviet Union, too, has been helpful. The original Russian demand for six hundred million dollars reparations was cut down to half that amount, and the six-year term of payment was extended to eight years; the Russians also let the Finns keep much of the Karelian property which in terms of the Armistice, was to have been restituted. More recently, they have remitted some of the fines, amounting to a few hundred thousand dollars, incurred for delays in last year's reparations deliveries; and, finally, in the matter of the recent agreement concerning the £10,000,000 of German assets, which were to have been handed to the Russians, Moscow has agreed to surprisingly easy terms.

This matter was not as simple as it looks, and cannot be attributed merely to Russian generosity. The Russians originally asked that a large part of these German assets be paid them in Finnish industrial shares; for a while the Finnish Government wobbled; but there was so much discreet moaning about Russian "economic" penetration of Finland that the Russians decided not to persist, and were content to receive the amount due in the form of wood pulp, paper, Legation buildings, the use of one or two power stations in the far North, and various other odds and ends, including the shares of a rayon mill which, apparently, has not yet even been built. Rumour in Helsinki has it that Mr. Tuomioja, the very able Governor of the Bank of Finland, stood up to the Russians in this matter, more than Mr. Pekkala, the Left Socialist Prime Minister did, and it is also remarked that his resolution was strengthened by various whispers that a gentle Western breeze brought from across the Baltic. However, the Russians agreed to the proposed arrangement with good grace; so much so, that some Finns became even rather too cocky about it; and there was a growing feeling in Finnish political quarters that, once the Treaty was signed—as it was on February 10th—Finland could go on paying her reparations for the next five years, but behave with greater and greater aloofness and independence in relation to Russia. There was a good deal of talk about a change of Government; Pekkala, it was prophesied, would go, and somebody like Kekkonen, of the Agrarian Party, who would "stand up to the Russians" more than Pekkala—not that they ever squeezed him very hard—could take his place.

It was in the midst of all this that Zhdanov suddenly arrived in Helsinki, ostensibly to say good-bye to the Finns, since the Control Commission—whose President he is—was about to depart. The Finns got a little alarmed. President Paasikivi organised a great banquet for him. Then Zhdanov made an extremely friendly speech in the course of which he gave a pat on the back to both Paasikivi and Pekkala, adding, however, that it would be disastrous if the harmony existing between the Soviet and Finnish peoples were to be disturbed by anti-Soviet elements in Finland—who undoubtedly existed, and were, indeed, tending to misread the significance of the Soviet Union's consistent friendliness and helpfulness to Finland.

This was not said in quite so many words, and the Finns chose not to read more into Zhdanov's speech than met the eye; therefore Zhdanov felt obliged, a few days later, to call a meeting of the leaders of the parliamentary parties, where he dotted the i's and crossed the t's. Since then, there has been no further talk of a change of Government before next year's elections. The Finns are smart enough to realise that it is not in their interests to antagonise the Russians for they are, to some extent, dependent on Russia for their food, and the Russians can also turn nasty next time if the reparations deliveries are late. At the same time, the Russians, though they may not like it for political reasons, must obviously welcome the American credits and the other help Finland receives from the West, as this greatly facilitates her task of delivering the reparations to Russia; and these reparations, more than half of which consist of machinery, ships and steel products, are unquestionably valuable to Russia. The Finns, moreover, want to keep the Russians in fairly good humour, for they have received various concessions from the Russians in the past, and hope to receive many more: the use of the main Helsinki-Turku Railway which is now cut by the Russian naval base of Porkkala; the joint use of the Sauma Canal which links the inner system of lakes with the Port of Viipuri, and now runs through Soviet territory; and, lastly, a revision of the financial basis of the reparations payments calculated according to an out-of-date price level (1938, plus 10 or 15 per cent), which renders the reparations burden, in terms of present-day prices, at least 70 or 80 per cent higher than it looks on paper.

The Finns, therefore, have every reason to be on good terms with the Russians—even though they may not love them. And they realise that this policy of being on good terms with both West and East has paid them handsomely. Certainly no belligerent country in Europe is being restored as rapidly as Finland. About 70 per cent of all the buildings in Lapland, which was thoroughly "scorched" by the Germans just before the end of the war, have already been rebuilt, partly through the Finns' own efforts, partly with the help of Unrra and various American relief organisations. The Finns bitterly complain in their official publications that their standard of living has gone down 30 per cent compared with pre-war; but, considering that their standard of living was among the highest in Europe, they are remarkably lucky. They have preserved all their livestock at the pre-war level, and though, owing to the shortage of imported fodder, their dairy-farming is not what it was, it is expected to reach the pre-war level in a year or two. They have more horses than they had before the war, and have actually been selling large numbers of these to Russia. Despite labour shortage and a reluctance on the part of many workers to go into the forests, their timber industry has picked up remarkably well in the past year, more timber having been cut than in the last pre-war year.

The Left attribute this success partly to "stakhanovite" principles introduced among the lumber-jacks, such as the system of "surprise packages" containing sugar, coffee and tobacco, which are sent to the best workers, while the head of the Finnish radio, the dynamic Hella Wuolijoki, attributes the success of the lumber camps largely to the stimulating effect of the "woodcutters' hour" on the Finnish wireless. But whether the incentives are largely material or largely moral, there is no doubt that the Finnish working-class has worked with a remarkable sense of responsibility and solidarity, and often in material conditions which have been far from easy. The Finns have always been noted for their capacity for collective organisation—witness their excellent trade unions and co-operatives—and during these years of transition from war to a reparations-free peace, they are practising, in effect, a sort of political truce in which everybody—with rare exceptions—is bent on reducing friction to a minimum, on getting the reparations out of the way as smoothly as possible, and on restoring the country's prosperity with the greatest possible speed. The political rows are not serious, because, generally, it is recognised that the Government's present policy of cultivating good relations with Russia, while at the same time being on the best of terms with the West, has really no alternative.

With only 30 Communists and some 20 quasi-Communists among the 200 members of the Diet, their influence is not decisive. It is, however, important in two respects: the Communists are doing their best, first, to maintain smooth economic relations in the country—and they are strongest with the industrial workers—and, secondly, to curb the activities of "Fascist elements." It cannot be doubted that these do exist in this country which has a strongly pro-German military caste; and the Minister of the Interior, Leino, has been working hard to track down the participants of the "hidden arms" plot. But Leino, no more than his wife, Hertta Kuusinen, leader of the Parliamentary Communist party and daughter of the Kuusinen of the "Terijoki Government" of 1939—who is now Premier of Soviet Karelia—are not forcing any issues unduly, and Leino himself recognises that Finnish opinion would oppose anything like a drastic purge in the Civil Service—though there are plenty of people there with highly discreditable records—if one looks at them closely from the standpoint of pro-German activity, before and during the war.

In Finland, then, as everywhere else in Europe, there is a conflict of ideologies, but it is much milder here than elsewhere. If there is a touch of "Soviet" ideology in the drive against "Fascist elements" and in the continuous demands made in the Left-wing press for a clean-up in the Civil Service (which would require the passing of a new law, for, under the present Finnish law, no Civil Servant can be sacked), other ideologies play their part in Finland, too. The Social-Democrats are split into several schools of thought. Some have left the Social-Democrat party and joined the Democratic Alliance, the Finnish version of the German United Socialist Party; others accept co-operation with the Communists with many reservations; others still, very much under the influence of Tanner (though the latter is in jail for five years) are sharply anti-Communist in a political sense and come much closer to a "Labour Party" or "Second International" outlook. And let it not be supposed that the Russians alone are "interfering" in Finland in the sense that their ideology plays a certain part here; American ideology also plays a very considerable part in Finnish affairs and the very strongest argument used by opponents of nationalisation measures—and nationalisation has, since the war amounted to extremely little—is that any nationalisation would make a bad impression in America, and the valuable, the indispensable American credits might dry up if Finland isn't careful!

Helsinki. M. Shaw

Henry Wallace
Meeting Friday, April 11.

ALL SEATS
SOLD

(Admission to meeting by Ticket only)

B.A.O.R. WIFE

The crossing from Tilbury to Cuxhaven bore most of the features of our future life. All was planned to go smoothly, save in an emergency. This, however, arose immediately in the shape of a gale. As our boat, in a gentle crescendo, began to heave and roll, mothers faded out, nurses went out of action, milk formulas ceased to be made up, the playroom—inaccessible except through gusts of spray—closed down in an uproar, children of rude health proceeded to run wild, and W.V.S. helpers retired to their cabins with the outraged faces of overtaxed gentlewomen.

I was one of those mothers who arrived at their destination with one child very ill, and found themselves at the mercy of totally inexperienced Army doctors. Alternately treated with large doses of castor oil and M. & B., our child dwindled before our own eyes, but was saved at the last moment by two German doctors. Prescriptions from non-Allied physicians, of course, "will not be made up by British dispensaries." Therefore, in case of an illness, we are still faced with the choice between the clueless young man of whose treatment we despaired, and our highly qualified German child-specialist who is unable to provide the drugs she prescribes.

The child up and well, I took another look at my flat. Very well planned—bless German *Wohnkultur*—although lacking in many essentials. But before I begin to enumerate them, I should perhaps register what qualms I had at being here at all and taking up space better occupied by destitute Germans. Since this is a truthful account, I shall also put forward the three main arguments by which I was able to reduce them.

One: Our street was requisitioned *en bloc* six months ago and will remain so as long as occupation remains, irrespective of us. Two: Had we not joined him, my husband would have resigned his job—which I trust he does reasonably well—while another officer equally disinclined to celibacy would have taken his place. Three: There is no reason why pity should be geographically restricted; indeed I had felt uneasier when thinking of the European homeless in my London house, than I do here where at least we share, and certainly help to ease, some of their discomforts.

We had been instructed not to bring out any household equipment as everything was to be provided and charged for in the "furnished" rent. Yet we found ourselves without a single carpet in the place, practically without electric bulbs, without a cot for the baby, without dust-pan and broom, frying-pan, grater, or strainer. The gas stove did not work. Our sole saucepan was of regimental size. While we were sending out appeals for workmen and wrestling with the problem of how to cook and clean, we had daily visits from two German clerks who drew up inventories and promised help. "My lady, you will have everything to-morrow." But alas, two months went by until at least some saucepans and brooms arrived. Meanwhile we had borrowed some rugs from German friends, removed bulbs from office lavatories, raised a baby's cot, and bought essentials for the kitchen at highly inflated prices in the British Shop.

Our rations looked ample enough when we first beheld them. Basic rations, including bread, are about one quarter higher than in England, and that much dearer in price. Our meat, however, consists almost entirely of frozen stewing beef, made palatable only by the ingenuity of German cooks. Pork, veal, mutton, or offal have not been on the ration since we came out. Potatoes—first delivered frozen, now dehydrated (two and three-quarter pounds for one week), are hardly sufficient for one meal a day. The only fresh vegetable we see is a small amount of cabbage, with an occasional carrot and onion thrown in. We get fish for about a meal and a half per week. Each of us had one egg during the last six weeks, and two ounces of dried egg per week, with no special allowance for the baby. There is, of course, no fresh milk. And although our supply of tinned fish and vegetables is more liberal than at home, there are a hundred and one things which we never see out here, and others, unrationed at home, which are issued to us rarely and in minute quantities (an occasional three ounces of coffee per week for the two of us).

But these rations, quite insufficient for three meals a day, are also shared to a certain extent by a train of German helpers and hangers-on. Maids, drivers, workmen, tradesmen, delivery boys, and their dependants, they all expect, and receive, a regular or occasional small part of our food. The caretaker's child, the driver's sick wife, the man who stops our taps from dripping, the woman who cuts up my old dressing gown to make warm trousers for my child—they all wait anxiously for the slab of chocolate, the sandwich, the cup of tea. There is a rule that neither food nor cigarettes must be bartered away. But in point of fact, no German would leave his bed this cold winter to work for us unless he was sure of a small gratuity in kind. Employees in British pay get Nr 2 ration card and one dish of soup per day. But it so happens that they never bring in their soup or rations except some potatoes and black bread. They all have either aged parents on card Nr 5, or small children, or a P.o.W. husband against whose return they store their food. So our rations, hardly adequate for four, are in fact eaten by six people and sometimes more. The solution is to eat out at the Club from time to time. But no family with children can afford to do this more than two or three times a week, without going beyond the limit of the very tight allowance. Cigarettes, which used to be issued in sufficient number to satisfy a heavy smoker, have now been severely cut down. Only the drink ration is adequate, as the papers always like to point out. Yet on the whole B.A.O.R. mothers are more interested in food for their children.

If we had harboured hopes of putting right our finances, which had been much disrupted by our separation, a few weeks out here would have undeceived us. Every commodity has to be paid for heavily. Rent for our "married quarters"—which we have to take furnished—is provisionally fixed at eleven guineas per month. Servants enjoy, as they should, all benefits of local labour regulations (all overtime exceeding 48 hours per week is paid as time and a half), while an additional charge of 10 per cent for their social insurance is made to the employer. For the services of one cook-general who lives in and a part-time helper with the children, we are thus required to pay about ten pounds per month. Rations on delivery come to about the same. Our children's tinned milk and additional food—available at the British Shop at considerably higher prices than in England—cost us another twelve pounds per month. There is practically no margin between this basic expenditure and our salary minus tax, yet we have to go on clothing ourselves and our children and meeting whatever obligations we have back home. On the other hand, having one's drawings strictly limited (e.g., £42 per month for a high-ranking official with the equivalent military rank of Lt.-Col.), one is not allowed to supplement one's salary from any private income one may have. Lower-ranking officials whose basic expenditure (food, servants) is the same, find it impossible to make ends meet. To eat out to fill the gaps left by the rations, or to repay a friend's hospitality is a rare pleasure for a family.

There are compensations, of course, foremost among them the fact that families are at last united. Another is the much-abused "colonial" way of life which, with a certain amount of social activity, comes as a welcome change to housewives wearied more by the drabness than by the dangers of the late war. Despite the bad repute of C.C.G., even the more exacting can find congenial friends with whom occasionally to enjoy a meal, a little dancing, or a chat over a glass of wine. There is music and the theatre in all the larger towns, and a good deal of sport to be had for those with leisure.

Whatever the pleasures of British community life, those of us who are in constant contact with Germans are not without worries. This winter has punished the German people grimly—guilty and innocent alike. Around us, as the cold drags on, we see starvation and despair. Every day we pass in the street men and women blue and exhausted with sickness and privation. Every day we read and hear of old people who have died of hunger and cold, of babies whose nappies freeze to their little bodies, of children contracting T.B., of men who escape their misery by committing suicide, of elderly lonely women who never leave their beds. Those who have knowledge of cases of need usually do something to help.

There is, I believe, more compassion and less callousness in the attitude of B.A.O.R. wives towards the Germans than there is among the Germans themselves. Nazism has left a worse heritage than ruined cities; it has left most Germans without solidarity or a shred of civic sense. Despite a discouraging daily spectacle of "dog eats dog," British wives as a rule are friendly, considerate and helpful to Germans with whom they are in touch. Their arrival has put an end to some of the self-contained Army messes which usually are hermetically sealed against the problems of Germany today. No household could exist in similar isolation. Wives share the power cuts and the freezing of their vegetables with the German population. They are concerned with the private problems of their cook, their husband's driver, or the woman who knits their children's socks. Most of them, as one sees them patiently queueing in the British Families Shop, seem kindly women who live not much different from at home, and who resent reports of their sybaritism in the midst of distress. H. S.

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS

At the end of January, after a short illness, Jim Larkin died in the Meath Hospital, Dublin. Thousands of men and women followed his body to the headquarters of his Workers' Union of Ireland. There it lay in state over the week-end, with a guard of honour drawn from veterans of the great strike of 1913 and of the Irish Citizen Army; and on the Monday the coffin, draped with the Plough and the Stars, was followed by a gigantic procession to the Requiem Mass and funeral at Glasnevin.

Thus, probably, ends the legend of the Plough and the Stars, symbol of the Workers' Republic for which the Irish Citizen Army fought in Easter Week. Among those who followed the coffin to the Mass was De Valera, founder of the more realistic Republic, whose symbol, the Green, White and Yellow, flies respectably now over the High Commissioner's Office in London. But there must have been many following the Plough and the Stars on Larkin's coffin, through freezing slush which penetrated broken boots, in a bitter north-east wind which blew straight through shoddy overcoats, who remembered 1913 and Easter Week with sudden nostalgia, and fumbled with brains untrained in the subtleties of political theory to understand just what had gone wrong since then.

Larkin was a great man, but he was, unfortunately, one of the factors that went wrong. If Connolly had escaped the firing squad in 1916, it is doubtful whether the conception of the Workers' Republic would have been quite so easily submerged in the Republic of small manufacturers, small farmers and small tradesmen to which British *rentiers* flock now to escape Dr. Dalton's income tax.

Connolly had an analytical brain, a training in Marxism, and sufficient realism, one imagines, to have modified his theory, as later years proved necessary, without losing sight of his political objective. Larkin was a great fighter. He was an orator who could sway the enthusiasm of masses. He was known affectionately as "Big Jim" by the workers in his union. One of them would meet him on the Quays. "Jim," he'd say, "I've been out five months and the missus is having another kid." "Well, Mike"—ten to one he'd know the name—"that's bad. But I'll tell you what. You drive a lorry, don't you? I heard that ——'s driver was going this week. You try there and tell them to ring me up about it." Not the orthodox way to run a union, and it had its disadvantages for his office staff. But he remained a person to the Dublin workers, trusted and believed in, while the more efficient union leaders who fought him became figureheads, feared and suspect.

In permanent combination with Connolly, Larkin might have achieved a great deal. As it is, there is little to show for his life but his magnificent early work among the dockers and unskilled workers (which culminated in the bitter struggle of 1913 with the 400 biggest Dublin employers banded together to smash him) and the affection of the thousands of people who followed him to the grave. His union has practically duplicated the membership basis of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, which he founded in Dublin in 1909, and from which he was expelled after an Executive row in 1924 on his return from America. The reverberations of that row have formed background, if not always pretext, for the breakaway of National Labour Party from the Labour Party, and of the Congress of Irish Unions from the Irish Trades Union Congress; its rights and wrongs have left the mass of the workers uninterested. Larkin was egotistic and inept in dealing with opposition and is likely enough to have been in the wrong originally. But apart from the split in the National movement, for which he was certainly not responsible, the result of the competition between the Transport Union and the Workers' Union, which he formed after his expulsion, has been a vital weakening of the fighting powers of the workers concerned.

Shortly before his death, Larkin made attempts to secure co-operation with the Transport Union on specific issues, and in one case at least the rank and file insisted on collaboration after the union officials had refused it. But the rank and file has little say in day-to-day policy, and to outsiders it seemed apparent that only over the dead bodies of the leaders would unity be achieved. It is an over-simplification, of course, to represent the problem of Labour unity in terms of conflicting personalities. The people concerned represented diverging political trends within the Movement which have been common to other countries besides Ireland. But it remains possible that the death of Larkin, the only one of the present leaders likely to be sincerely mourned, may leave the way open for an attempt to achieve reconciliation between the warring sections.

In a letter written to the *Irish Times* on the day of Larkin's funeral, his son said:

> With the great man's death the last of the great figures of Irish Labour has passed, and we who remain are little people. If among those of us who occupy leading positions in the Labour Movement there be individuals who, for one reason or another, represent obstacles or barriers to unity, let us grow in stature by stepping aside so that unity may be realised. If there are difficulties of policy standing in the way, let us . . . find the simplest common denominator in policy and agree upon that as an immediate objective. If there are difficulties of organisation to be overcome, let us overcome them in the understanding that our organisations were built to serve labour, not to shackle it.

The personality of "Young Jim" has been overshadowed by that of his father, but he has the reputation of being a competent organiser and an honest and painstaking political worker. In thus opening single-handed the fight for reorganisation it is difficult to see on what group or on what influential individuals he may depend for effective support. But Larkin's funeral has reminded people that the Plough and Stars was once a force in a country where the Labour leadership has now so little hope of power that at the last election it ran insufficient candidates to give even the possibility of a majority.

The failure of the movement is not, of course, to be ascribed merely to the lack of unity. To a Socialist it is evident that the cause lies deep in the history of the last thirty years, in Labour's early failure to differentiate its aims from those of the Nationalist movement, and to oppose it with increasing sharpness as it became obvious that the Democratic Programme of the First Dail was mere window-dressing. Even Connolly's judgment in leading the Citizen Army into Easter Week appears now open to question. What is not open to question is that Nationalism has now reached an impasse and that the Labour Movement has allowed itself to become jammed in the same blind alley. Men returning from work in England, with experience of factory and union organisation there, will bring a new factor into the situation; to secure internal unity may not be so hopelessly difficult as it appears, once a determined lead is given. But if internal unity is achieved, vital progress will still be impossible for the Labour Movement in the twenty-six counties until it ceases to be scared by Nationalist prejudices and seeks effective alliance with the movements in England and Northern Ireland. In isolation it can offer no solution to the country's economic and cultural problems.

WINIFRED TRENCH

DIPLOMACY A LA MODE

"*We must modernise our diplomacy . . . the old striped pants approach is as out of date as cavalry.*"—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, March 17th.

America advances a suggestion
  On how diplomacy should be arrayed
For dealing with the vexed Near-Eastern question,
  Now called the Anti-Communist Crusade.
Old diplomats wore quaint and changing fashions
    And made no hard-and-fast sartorial rule,
      They never paid attention
      To the dress for intervention
    When keeping Russia out of Istanbul.

When Russia was both Orthodox and Holy,
  She likewise was forbidden to encroach,
And Western Powers came together slowly
  On the periwig and knee-breeches approach.
They made the same approach in pegtop trousers
  When diplomats wore watch-chains in festoons,
      A most successful series
      Wore sideburns and Dundrearys,
And stays and fancy vests and pantaloons.

They said, Back, back, back, to Holy Russia,
  They sniffed the Russian peril from afar;
      Christian Powers were forgiving
      To the Sultan's way of living
Whenever he was beaten by the Tsar.

When Bismarck came to play the honest broker
  That statesman was conventionally dressed;
In the fashionable frock-coat, with a choker,
  He kept out Holy Russia from the West.
Our Liberals backed Russia's isolation
  Before St. Petersburg was Leningrad,
      And after Balkan quarrels,
      When he stripped off Russia's laurels,
Sir Edward Grey was quite correctly clad.

Now Russia spreads the Marxist ideology,
  Democracy's the war-cry of the hour,
But bygone styles, and ways, need no apology
  When out to balance European power.
America's approach in new men's fashions,
  Still merely follows Foreign Office swells,
      And democratic bluffers
      Need not dress for Balkan Buffers,
To keep the Soviet from the Dardanelles.

They say, Back, back, back, to godless Russia,
  And bolster Greeks and Turks with guns and grants,
      But though the stroke's a bold one,
      The game is such an old one,
Why don't the Yanks unpack their old striped pants?

SAGITTARIUS.

The Arts and Entertainment

ROUND THE EXHIBITIONS

A NUMBER of not very stimulating exhibitions of modern pictures has opened between Leicester Square and Oxford Street. The painter conscious of his limitations may feel tempted at times to abandon his profession for another more lucrative, less despairing. But so long as he retains a glimmer of hope that one day he may paint a good picture, he is forced to parade his meagre sensation before the public, on the chance of earning a few pounds to convert into food, warmth and more canvases; and the dealer who runs him must somehow persuade the rich widow that the "rhythmical sequences," the "organic functionalism," the "plastic intensity" or whatever the current jargon may be, of his particular wares would make a sound investment. The critic cannot be blamed for deploring this situation, torn as he is between intellectual integrity and sympathy for a struggling artist, and when confronted with the familiar philistine argument that modern art is a racket, may find himself edging his way into the enemy's camp if he is not careful. For it has to be admitted that by 1970 almost all works of the imagination now on view in galleries devoted to modern art will have passed out of the domain of the critic into that of the sociologist, if they are fortunate enough not to have been consigned to the bonfire before then.

Exception must be made for two or three nudes at Roland, Browse and Delbanco, by Henryk Gotlib, a sincere and accomplished painter working in the tradition of Renoir and Bonnard, who contrives here and there to recapture on the canvas a consistent, sensuous world of his own; and, at the Leicester Galleries, for Epstein's animated statuettes, lying on their backs and kicking their legs in the air, in dead cold metal, alive and warm. But as a general rule there is too much clever nonsense being bandied about, masquerading as profound comments on life and nature, respectably wrapped in the contemporary idiom, which turns out on closer inspection to be nothing more than the monotonous bobbing of the painter up and down, treading water as he waits to be swept forward on a new wave of feeling. This is why the critic turns with relief to the Old Masters and their pupils, who do not have to eat or keep warm, or search about in their studios for a passable sketch to fill a blank space on the wall, whose dead wood has already been cut out by the passage of time.

Private views of minor English painters are packed with well-intentioned patrons, but some of the finest Poussins in England from the Dulwich Gallery, which have been hanging in the Courtauld Institute for several weeks, have passed almost unnoticed, although the Courtauld has welcomed visitors from outside. The old tradition, maddening and full of charm, that pictures are intended to be stuck to the wall like photographs in an album and left there to collect the dust of centuries, was maintained in the Dulwich Gallery until the war with such persistence that many were black with dirt or out of range of the inquisitive eye. Now a few of the Poussins have been cleaned and brought down to eye level, where they can be seen in some cases for the first time. And accompanying each picture is a brief description, as scholarly and informative as one would expect from the Institute.

Mr. Fred Uhlman, who is showing some of his recent pictures at the Lefevre Gallery, has an unpretentious talent for surface decoration, but is still shifting about uneasily from one style to another in search of something new to say and a surprising way of saying it. The adjective "unpretentious" cannot be applied so readily to Mr. Michael Ayrton's new pictures at the Redfern. The defiant Francophobia which for so many years has infused vigour into Ayrton's prose, has had the effect of wearing his pictures down to a mere handful of threadbare, dogmatic statements.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

RADIO NOTES

AT the risk of appearing ungrateful I must say I think it were better had the B.B.C. left the last days of Hitler alone for the present. No doubt a full dramatisation was thought in bad taste, and so it would have been, although one of these days the Jacobean melodrama of the last hours in the bunker will make the fortune of some dramatist and/or film producer. As it was, Mr. Terence Tiller was reduced to handing out Hugh Trevor Roper's brilliant and subacid narrative in arbitrary chunks to several narrators, who were occasionally allowed to assume the voices of some of the less spectacular members of the gang. The result must in any case have been lame; but, owing to the histrionic type of reading adopted, it became irritating and unreal in the extreme. When oh ! when will actors learn to drop that most maddening of all stage mannerisms—the dramatic pause before an important word ?

I have never been much of a one for Icelandic sagas myself, and for once I believe I am not in a minority. When a ringing voice proclaims: "Then up spake Scurf," my spirits do not rise as, no doubt, they should. The real snag, it seems to me, is that apart from monotony, the springs of action, and the moral nature, of these men and women are so very meagre. The elements were, of course, against them (as they have been against us lately): you can't feel very sensitively or behave very subtly in a blizzard, and people who are heroic from morning to night are dull to hear about. Nature red in tooth and claw quickly reduces man to her own blunt state of retaliatory boorishness. Of course, Louis MacNeice cannot be blamed for this; but why does he think early Icelandic society "sympathetic"? Apparently on the ground that Law was at last beginning to replace the ethical chaos of mutual vengeance. This argument does not stake out a very impressive claim on our prolonged attention. Still, Mr. MacNeice's management of a rather dreary and monotonous tale was admirably in style: the dialogue was plain, without being tawdry or bathetic, the production swift and adroit. Miss Catherine Lacey, stepping into shoes designed for Miss Sonia Dresdel, was outstandingly convincing as the unappeasable power-maniac, Hallgerda. This may not be the kind of programme one wants to hear often; but once in a way it is well to be so resolutely and vividly reminded of the less attractive landscapes of world literature.

The amount of listening that has to be done these days is really formidable. It is, of course, the dread of the lost opportunity that hounds one on: there are so many things—talks, music, even occasionally plays—which one dare not ignore, in case they should never come round again. When the moment arrives—as eventually it must—at which the B.B.C. will, on one programme or another, have worked through all the worth-while possibilities offered by art and history and speculation—through all the Amfiparnassos and Icelandic sagas and operas by Méhul; when we have been given full opportunity to decide once for all whether or not Beowulf and Tasso and Ariosto are possible to revive today; when we have swept the dust off the plays of Ostrovsky, Grillparzer, Anzengruber, Browning, Kotzebue, Lope de Vega and Regnard; after the last dry echo of the last of Robert Franz's two-hundred-and-fifty-seven songs has died away in a recorded repeat; when even the most occasional of Wordsworth's and Tennyson's shorter poems have lisped their way to our unwilling ears; when Strauss's *Sinfonia Domestica* has been luxuriantly revived; when we have run through the complete series of *Faust* settings, including Litolff and Spohr and Henry Hugo Pierson and (last but greatest of all) Busoni; when someone or other (preferably Mr. Alfredo Campoli) has allowed us to decide whether Tovey was right or not in declaring Joachim's *Hungarian Concerto* a masterpiece: then at last we shall be able to sigh with relief: "Now we've heard all that once, and the best of it will come back and back; so we need not miss the meeting at the Blank Club (or the film at the Odeon) next Tuesday, for fear of never again getting a chance to hear Kodaly's *Missa Brevis*, which Desmond Shawe-Taylor pronounces a work of angelic beauty equal in expressiveness to Fauré's *Requiem*. And I see his opinion is backed up by

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"Nicholas Nickleby," at the Odeon

"Dead Reckoning," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

A trim piece is *Nicholas Nickleby*—the film, I mean, not the book. There's the bother: too trim, too reduced, too well snipped and snapped altogether. It reminds me a little of the experience we had several years ago when Mr. Robert Graves modestly undertook to rewrite Dickens. His first (and, I believe, last) venture was *David Copperfield,* which emerged from the ordeal in a crisp schoolmarm's prose lacking all the vital excrescences of the original. It was a very proper performance; among other renovations I remember that Uriah Heep's dropped aitches were carefully reinstated, with a footnote telling us why. Trying to de-vulgarise Dickens, Mr. Graves turned him out a bore. The point of the adaptation seemed to be that, while old Boz could tell a good story, he had atrocious manners of his own in telling it.

Now I don't, arriving at *Nicholas Nickleby,* intend to compare Mr. Michael Balcon's methods with Mr. Graves's. He has no idiotic idea of reforming his masters; he sees, presumably, in Dickens a rich field of English character and emotion, and sets some of his best men to work on a corner of it. The result is a technically good job: terse script, capable direction (Cavalcanti), a dozen players in their exactly right places, including Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Ralph Nickleby, Mr. Alfred Drayton as Squeers, and Mr. Stanley Holloway as Crummles. The story (not one of Dicken's best) moves quickly from scene to scene, and has its moments of prettiness, drama, and caricature; Dotheboys Hall and the Crummleses are really quite fun. One can't complain that, in particulars, Dickens has been at all badly done by. Yet it misses. The result, for Dickensians and non-Dickensians alike, is a *Nicholas Nickleby* as tame and denuded and unengrossing as *David Copperfield* by Dickens and Graves.

What has been left out is the unmitigated *excess* of the Dickens manner, and precisely in that—in the hydra-headed growth of fancy and humour—resides the life of his books. A little of Mantilini (such as we are given in this film) is no good at all; he must come on again and again, like the Colonel in *Itma;* his "demmits," and the screaming adulations of his lady, must flow from a full tap. So also with Crummles and company, in fact with all the others, greater and less. Only the two Wicked Uncles really come whole on the screen; and to them I'd add pretty touches of malignancy from the Squeers household.

Dickens provides a draught with an enormous head on it. I suppose we shall be getting more Dickens films, since *Great Expectations* made a success and *Nicholas Nickleby,* despite its shortcomings, is far above the run of celluloid. But my own impression, as before, is that Dickens remains almost untranslatable, and that in any case the short story rather than the long novel offers the best material for filming. In other words, the screen can adopt something by expanding it; but once start to reduce, and the game's up. I don't expect everyone to agree with me.

The tough school reaches a low level with *Dead Reckoning*. Not even Mr. Bogart's snarling charms can make this piece of near-gangsterism anything other than foolish; while Miss Lizabeth Scott husks and turns on tears as one might expect, after the introduction from the legs up. Hey, but she's doleful. And to watch her on her death-bed unconcernedly drawing a last breath is to realise all that stardom can lead to.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE THEATRE

"Now Barabbas," at the Vaudeville Theatre

The removal of a stage's conventional fourth wall makes every playgoer a guiltless Peeping Tom ; but when the fourth wall is a prison wall and the play so private and profoundly moving a thing as *Now Barabbas* mere eavesdropping becomes intrusion and one longs, almost, to look away. Mr. Douglas Home's main plot and sub-plot concern, respectively, the law of Nature which may condemn a sexually normal convict to a life of acquired homosexuality ; and the law of Man which may condemn a not incurable

Number One APRIL

FURTHER EDUCATION

24 Pages 1s. 6d. Illustrated

Editor: John Mackay-Mure

Recently Associate Editor, *The Times Educational Supplement*

Further Education becomes, under the 1944 Act, the third stage in the statutory system. Invaluable work has, it is true, been done in Adult Education by the Universities, the W.E.A. and other Responsible Bodies. Successful Day Continuation Schools and industrial training schemes have, in the past twenty-five years, catered for a small minority of the adolescent population. More recently, and in a wider field, a wealth of experience has been gained by the development of educational work in H.M. Forces, the Civil Defence Services and the Service of Youth. Wherein, however, the 1944 Act differs from earlier legislation is that it has now become the *duty* of local education authorities to secure adequate facilities for Further Education.

The Ministry of Education is already taking measures to ensure that local education authorities, acting in the closest association with industry, the Universities and voluntary organisations, will meet the varied needs of the adolescent and adult population. It has assured local education authorities that it will encourage experiments, stimulate initiative and foster development. At the same time, it has reminded them that Further Education must be planned as a whole, and has already advised them to this effect.

There is, in consequence, an urgent need for the full and frank discussion of experiments, ideas and problems. A repetition of past mistakes will only be avoided, and the maximum opportunity afforded to men and women everywhere to achieve maturity of outlook and a richer leisure, if all engaged in Further Education can share experiences and contribute their own ideas to the common pool.

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hysteric to death by hanging. Both victims have been beautifully contrasted and are, by the same token, contrastingly played—Julian Somers contriving to make theatrically manifest the pent emotions of his Irish introvert, and Richard Longman lending the unstoppered anger of an open volcano to the more extrovert murderer. Among subsidiary performances, all either good in their own right or most deftly produced to *seem* good, Owen Holder's Cockney forger, Peter Doughty's pathetic little pervert and Denis Webb's chaplain are outstanding. Even the decor adds its own illumination ; for the grey drop-curtain, the grey prison walls and the grey clothes of the convicts are relieved only by the blue frock of a visiting girl from the world outside, by the black uniforms of unfettered officials and the imagined white of a sky never seen.

It is a feared but inevitable concomitant of any penal system that the average convict who suffers the more unnecessary humiliations of prison life is rarely equipped with sufficient intelligence either to describe them or agitate for their removal. Within living memory intelligent agitation has occurred mainly as an after-effect of modern warfare, when conscientious objectors and court-martialled officers of Mr. Home's mental calibre and eloquence are made to mingle with convicts less articulate than themselves. Prison reform, it seems, comes best through the participation of the innocent in the sufferings of the guilty. Mr. Home's ability to see guilt through the eyes of apparent innocents may be due to the fact that military bloodshed is the one crime for which a man can be imprisoned by reason of his refusal to commit it.

PAUL DEHN

ATHLETE ON THE BEACH

This opulent day lids his eyes
  One gold-weight nearer to a sleep ;
Sun is leafing shoulder and thighs
  With light-drapes diaphonous but deep.

So will the bright months gild the throat
  And socket with bronze the muscled stance.
The metallic crisped hair, the remote
  Haze of the head, the amber glance

Will make a statue to the sun.
  And light will delta in his veins
Spreading until its rays have spun
  An artifice through blood and brains.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON

Correspondence

THE PRESS AND MR. TRUMAN

SIR,—An interesting minor result of President Truman's speech is that it has enabled us to compare comments on it which have appeared in Russian and United States newspapers with those in our own. Nothing could be more plainspoken than the summing up of the *Chicago Tribune,* which tells its readers that "the outcome will inevitably be war. It probably will not come this year or next year but the issue is already drawn. The declaration of implacable hostility between this country and Russia is one which cannot be tempered or withdrawn." That this is precisely what the United States General Staff intended to convey through their Presidential mouthpiece is scarcely in doubt, and it is just as well that the world should know it. The observations of *Izvestia* are equally cogent. After pointing out that Truman did not even consider it necessary to await the results of the U.N. Commission of Inquiry which was specially sent into Greece, it goes on to say that "the argument that the United States are called upon to save Greece and Turkey from the expansion of so-called totalitarian States is not new. Hitler, too, referred to 'Bolsheviks' when he wanted to clear the path for his conquests. Now noise about 'totalitarian Powers' is made to hide their own expansionist plans."

In view of the fact that the lives of everyone in this island have been imperilled by President Truman's threats, that American atomic experts have already predicted that London will be the first capital to be wiped out in the event of war, and that as a democracy we enjoy the blessings of a free press, it might have been expected that leading British newspapers would face the issues with equal candour. So far, the contrary has been the case. On March 14th, *The Times* Diplomatic Correspondent, for example, in a message which was, no doubt, widely quoted in American and Continental newspapers, informed the world that President Truman's speech to Congress had been greeted in London with "appreciation and satisfaction" and that "with none of its sentiments could there fail to be profound British sympathy." Assuming, hypothetically, that most Britons have no desire to commit suicide, and that some of us are not enamoured of the American way of life and have no desire to make any further sacrifices for dollar imperialism, it is pertinent to ask in which of our "free" newspapers such views would be allowed to find expression ? In Russia and the United States plain language produces plain comment, which the man in the street can understand. Only the British, like sheep before the shearers, are dumb.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING

[It is fair to note that the *Daily Herald* in two leading articles has honestly explained the implications of Mr. Truman's action.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

HONESTY AND AUSTERITY

SIR,—Your Parliamentary report by Phineas of the 8th contained the following remarkably honest sentence: "In a period when hard decisions are required, Stafford Cripps' austere integrity rings true, while Hugh Dalton's jollying tone is in danger of acquiring a hollow ring."

Yet I am told by a member of the National Labour Party Executive that Dalton is hot favourite as Attlee's successor, whereas Cripps is only a poor sixth.

Ten years ago Cripps was drummed out of the Labour Party because of his honesty. Is he in danger a second time simply because he has the courage to tell the Trade Unionists that the Socialist State cannot be built on shorter hours and less work ? Even though Parliament is reduced to becoming the political action committee of the T.U.C. our poverty will increase unless the second-grade Trades Union leaders are made to realise that a 48-hour and not a 35-hour week is essential if we are to be fed, housed and clothed properly.

I am convinced that the ordinary people of this country are ready to follow a real leader who will tell them the blunt truth that material comfort and short hours cannot go together, and who will appeal for a 48-hour week all round with the promise that after two years of united, strenuous effort, there would be a chance of the better world being built. They must be told also that people who will not work will be left to starve—Beveridge or no Beveridge—and no matter to what class they belong.

House of Commons. CYRIL OSBORNE

SMALLPOX IN "SHANTY TOWN"

SIR,—On March 8th you published a letter from the Rev. Stanley Evans about the prosecution of the Rev. Michael Scott for taking up residence in a native village without the required permission.

As the case is *sub judice* I may not enter into a discussion of the pros and cons. I am, however, concerned about the insinuation in the letter that the case against the Rev. Scott was postponed because he was needed to help with an outbreak of smallpox in "Shanty Town." I immediately telegraphed my Government for the full facts and have now been informed that the outbreak of smallpox actually

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occurred about a month before the case against the Rev. Scott was started. The case has since been postponed to enable the Crown to produce evidence that "Shanty Town" falls within an urban area, as this fact is not admitted by the defence. The postponement has nothing whatsoever to do with the outbreak of smallpox. E. HEALLAN

South Africa House, *Acting High Commissioner*
London, W.C.2.

TOURISTS IN BRITAIN

SIR,—I read with consternation of the Travel Association's plans to encourage 250,000 foreign tourists to visit this country this year, "until," in the words of the Association's Director-General, Mr. J. G. Bridges, "the Government gives orders otherwise."

Mr. Bridges claims that the money spent by tourists will represent "invisible exports" equivalent to millions sterling. This is obviously a gross figure. What is more relevant is the net figure representing Britain's profit after allowing for imports required and "visible" exports diverted to meet the needs of these tourists, and this must be offset against the loss of tourist trade in subsequent years which must inevitably result from subjecting visitors to the discomforts of life in Britain in 1947.

Mr. Bridges hopes that if Americans visit us there may be less talk of a decadent Britain and a keener appreciation of our problems. Many Americans visited us during the war, and it was mainly from their experiences that the talk of a decadent Britain arose. When the war has been over for two years and discomforts and shortages are even greater, are they likely to take a different view?

Crowded, uncomfortable trains, dingy, dilapidated stations with unspeakable sanitary arrangements, shortage of food, drink and things for tourists to buy, shabby, under-staffed hotels and lack of hot water for bathing will not gain us any sympathy from Americans, particularly as Lord Hacking, in his recent "good will" visit to America, naïvely informed them that we want them to come because we need dollars. Typical American comment, at the most charitable level, will be "Gosh darn it! Why don't they *do* something about it?"

I hope that the Government will "give orders otherwise" and will issue a plain warning to those wishing to come to Britain that they must be prepared to face grave discomfort and to share our austerities. I hope also that it will take steps to prevent profiteering at the expense of overseas visitors. It will then remain for the new Tourist and Holidays Board to make such arrangements as it can, in the time available, to provide for the needs of foreign visitors and, in particular, to ensure that special laundry services are arranged for them in order that they shall not be compelled to remain in the same place for three weeks before qualifying for a clean shirt. CHARLES ESAM-CARTER

B.B.C. RELIGION

SIR,—On a number of occasions recently I have turned on the wireless at random, to find that a religious service or address was being broadcast. My experience has suggested that we are having far too much religion on the wireless. When I have listened to what is being said, irritation has given way to anger.

Recently, during the Children's Hour, I heard a clerical voice assuring the children that religion was not a matter of long faces; that the Almighty wished us to be happy and joyous; and he followed this up with a reference to Jesus having died on the cross as a sacrifice to the Almighty for the sins of mankind.

It is little use assuring young children that the Almighty is a kindly and benevolent being, if in the next breath you tell them that He took satisfaction in having His only Son put to death as a sacrifice to Himself—a monstrous proposition and picture to put before young children. With the ordinary hardened Christian such a statement goes in at one ear and out at the other, making no impact whatever on his consciousness. With the fresh impressionable mind of the child it is quite different. Such a statement can only create in him a feeling of horror and helplessness. The universe apparently is ruled by an omnipotent Being who takes pleasure in the death of his son.

This is a free country, and let those who wish to indulge such morbid and false superstitions do so in their own places; but it is a different thing to allow them to parade their propositions before the children of the nation at large.

Edinburgh. J. W. HERRIES

RELIEF IN GERMANY

SIR,—We are very glad to see that Norman MacKenzie in his German Diary draws attention to the fact that former German political prisoners, as such, are not included in the relief from abroad.

This Council has received numerous letters from Socialist and Christian fighters against Hitler, expressing deep bewilderment at the fact that they appear to be absolutely forgotten, and that everybody in Germany seems to find friends abroad except those whom we called during the war our allies, many of whom, half-starved, sick from ill-treatment, robbed of everything by the Gestapo, are now the key people in the rebuilding of German democratic organisations. It is true that the *Arbeiterwohlfahrt*, the Social-Democratic relief organisation, is represented on the Central Committee of Free Welfare Organisations, in addition to the religious bodies and the Red Cross. But the *Arbeiterwohlfahrt* is represented as a general relief organisation, dating from pre-Hitler days, and it is not concerned primarily with the former political prisoners.

In a letter—a copy of which is in our hands—from the Free Welfare Organisations in Germany to the Committees of Political Victims of Nazism applying for parcels from America, these Committees were told that their people must either queue for a relief parcel with the needy or that special arrangements for them must be made by the Trade Unions and similar organisations in America. This also applies to any other country sending relief.

In our view these Germans have a prior claim on our support. Not only were they our heroic comrades in the joint battle against Hitlerism, but their work and strength is vital to the newly arising democratic movement in Germany which is so important to the future peace of the world.

The British Council for German Democracy, 20, Buckingham Street, W.C.2, will supply any reader of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION who wants to help with the address of a proved German anti-Nazi, and directions as to how food, clothing and other parcels can be sent to them. MONICA PEARSON

SURVIVORS OF JULY 20

SIR,—We believe that there are people in this country who would wish to send parcels to Germany if they knew of particularly deserving families to which they might send them. We have in our possession a list of the widows and children of many of the anti-Nazi Germans who were hanged for the part they took in organising the opposition to Hitler which culminated in the attempt on his life made on July 20th, 1944. These women and children are in particular need of help, as, not only have they lost their menfolk, but also their property was confiscated by the Gestapo at that time, and as yet no adequate compensation or provision has been made for them. We have the certain knowledge that all these bereaved families are in need and that many are destitute. Those who are interested should write for fuller information to: The Hon. Secretary, "The July 20 Memorial Fund," 22 Tudor Street, London, E.C.4.

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BOOKS

KINGSLEY AND OTHERS

Sir,—In Mr. Noel Annan you have an able contributor who never writes without moving one to challenge or dissent. In his review of *Charles Kingsley and His Ideas* he seems to me less than just to Kingsley's temper and to his services to social education, and he is, I believe, mistaken upon a critical point in the Newman controversy. We all, he says, know exactly what Dr. Newman meant. What we know is how he fought. There were many thousands of intelligent people in England 80 years ago who echoed Kingsley's question, "What then does Dr. Newman mean ?"

In his article (before your suspension) on Comte Mr. Annan is not quite accurate to the English Comtists. They did not "startle" London, but they interested the Victorians, and exerted a notable influence. Their public character was high; people who worked with them were given to saying they were the salt of the earth. The Congreve Group, opposed to Frederic Harrison, were for the Comtist ritual. I was once a guest of the leader in Liverpool. At family worship he offered prayer to Humanity.

S.S. "Queen Elizabeth." S. K. Ratcliffe

Sir,—Mr. Noel Annan's criticisms of my book *Charles Kingsley and his Ideas,* in your issue of March 8th, are, on the whole, quite fair. But on two points I ask your permission to join issue. The first of these has an interest beyond the range of the book. He says with emphasis and quite dogmatically, "The reforms which Chartism advocated were *not* Socialistic in character." What I wrote was, "It is generally agreed that the ultimate object of Chartism was social reform and the improvement of the condition of the British worker, and this reform was to be of a socialistic nature." Possibly the use of the last phrase was unwise because the term Socialism and its cognates are notoriously elastic (in my boyhood a Socialist seemed to be someone who was likely to shoot at Queen Victoria). If Mr. Annan means that the Chartists were not for the most parts advocates of State-Socialism, he is right. But it is certain that they did not demand universal suffrage as a political plaything. "The Chartists," says G. H. D. Cole, "in fact, if not in name, were asking for a new order, a radical reconstruction of society." G. M. Trevelyan and Ernest Barker say much the same. It is true that the economic theories of its leaders were most various. The Hammonds envisage what sort of entertainment would have followed "if you could have put into one small room Owen, Place, Lovett, Hetherington, Cobbett, Oastler, and Fergus O'Connor. . . .Yet in the ranks of the Chartists each one of these men could count his devoted disciples by the thousand." Of the rank-and-file it is probably true to say that their aim was a substantial betterment of their condition which they had hoped for as a result of the Reform Act and had not been effected. They looked for a radical redistribution of property of an egalitarian kind and what one may call a communalisation of comfort, as the Chartist periodicals testify. Whether we call such a demand "Socialistic" or not is a matter of terminology.

The second point concerns Kingsley personally. Mr. Annan denies that Kingsley changed his political views, and thinks that the apparent change was due to his weakness in logic (a weakness greatly exaggerated by his modern critics, especially those who only know him through the controversy with Newman) which resulted in his entertaining contradictory propositions at the same time. Let Kingsley speak for himself in this matter. In a letter, which I have quoted in my book on page 75, he is criticising the doctrine that "all men are born into the world equals" and that their apparent inequality is due to circumstance only. He says, "I held that doctrine strongly myself in past years, and was cured of it by the harsh school of facts." Is that not evidence enough ?

Guy Kendall

HENRY JAMES

Sir,—Reviewing David Garnett's selection of stories by Henry James in your issue of March 8th, Paul Dombey very rightly remarks that it is extremely difficult to obtain copies of James' works at present, even second-hand copies. He goes on to say that "to republish a complete edition would no doubt be too heavy a burden for any publisher to shoulder; yet the demand for one is considerable, because James is at last coming into his own."

Mrs. Q. D. Leavis has consented to select and introduce several of James' full-length novels, which we hope to republish at an early date. But the scarcity of good copies of some of the novels is so acute that it is actually holding up production—surely an unrivalled example of the vicious circle ! We should be most grateful to any of your readers who could lead us to a single good copy of *The Europeans, Washington Square,* or *The Spoils of Poynton,* which would appear to have vanished off the face of the literary earth.

Andrew Boyd

The Pilot Press,
45 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

CATHOLIC CONTROVERSY

Sir,—Regarding "Critic's" statement that last year I "convicted the Church of misrepresenting its own doctrine for political purposes"—it seems only fair to say that Dr. O'Rahilly, President of University College, Cork, replied to me in a five- or six-column article in the *Catholic Herald* of January 24th. His article, I have heard, is not regarded by all Catholics as theologically sound. When I asked for space to reply to it it was denied to me: but I was told that anything I cared to write would be sent to Dr. O'Rahilly for him to "summarise" and to answer. I sent a short letter, which, as yet, has been neither summarised nor answered. I should be glad to discuss his article with Dr. O'Rahilly in any newspaper or magazine that would give both of us ordinary fair play; but I cannot say that the *Catholic Herald's* rather unusual method of conducting a discussion greatly appeals to me.

John V. Simcox

STEEL TRAPS

Sir,—"Critic" says that steel traps were forbidden before the war and permitted under Government regulation as a war emergency.

Actually it was only setting them in the *open* that was forbidden before the war and this was to prevent *other animals* being caught. It surely makes no difference to the amount a rabbit suffers whether it is lying trapped in the open or down a hole. Probably it will have a shorter time to suffer in the open as the odds are that its squeals will attract a fox and it will be instantly killed. In my part of the country gassing is seldom effective owing to the kind of fences and walls we have. From long experience I can say that most of the gas escapes up into the walls or fences and does not do its work.

"Critic" says that the trappers' object is to encourage rabbits. That may be true in some parts but very few farmers round here employ professional trappers. Good farmers want as few rabbits as possible. Personally I detest steel-traps but occasionally have to use them where no other method has been successful and where rabbits are seriously affecting the food supply.

What a chance there is for someone to invent a painless method of trapping ! The problem has been worked on for years but nothing practical seems to have emerged yet.

F. N. Lloyd

ORANGES AND LEMONS

Sir,—The following quotation from the late Lord Darling's "Meditations in the Tea Room" seems very apposite to Britain's present state:

> "If, as seems not unlikely, we feel more kindly towards other nations than they do towards us, is not this what we should expect from our partaking of their champagne, caviare and macaroni, their olives, oranges and bananas, while we send them in return only coal, cotton cloth and bars of iron ?" (Page 188.)

C. H. Norman

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

> "Wereupon I accused my fortune, railed on my patrons, bit my pen, rent my papers and raged! How many base men that wanted those parts I had," wrote Nash, "enjoyed content at will and had wealth at command! I call to mind a cobbler that was worth five hundred pounds; an hostler that had built a goodly inn; a carman in a leather pilche that had whipt a thousand pound out of his horse's tail, and have I more than these, thought I to myself; am I better born, am I better brought up, yea, and better favoured! and yet am I a beggar. How am I crost, or whence is this curse? Even from hence, the men that should employ such as I am, are enamoured of their own wits, though they be never so scurvie; that a scrivener is better paid than a scholar; and men of art must seek to live among cormorants, or to be kept under by dunces who count it policy to keep them bare to follow their books the better."

I TAKE these words from the *Calamities of Authors*, that Wailing Wall which the elder Disraeli built up brick by brick, with the tenderness and patience of the Jew, from the moody pages of English biography. Nash called himself Pierce Pennilesse and wrote when authors had no rights at all in their literary property. By Smollett's time the situation was little better. It was not until the 19th century, in the full pride of commerce, that authors began to enjoy some of the profits of their work, though the Americans plundered them shamelessly. Until 1914 the successful novelist, for example, might even become a rich man, without recourse to the stage or the films, and until 1939 he might do well enough to assure his old age. But two wars and the economic, social and technical revolutions that have come with them, have had their effect. In every generation a large number of distinguished writers have found it a struggle to live by their serious work—Conrad and D. H. Lawrence may be named—but taxation was not high, the cost of living was low; with the help of friends they were able to tide over the first ten or fifteen precarious years of authorship. If, like Henry James, they were "insurmountably unsaleable," there was the private income. Now this kind if capricious climate is vanishing. We have entered, by a hard irony, into a wealthier but sterilising world. We live no longer among the cormorants but among the fatted geese. The novelist, the poet, the biographer of today are broadcasters, film script writers, publishers, journalists of all degrees; they begin by saying they are doing this work in order to buy for themselves the leisure to write the next book; they end by having no time for the book at all. They cannot afford to write it. Nor are these contemporaries the failures in their art; on the contrary, many are the outstanding talents. All that can be said when they complain is that they are luckier than the very young who cannot get their books published at all and who have been absorbed from the start by full-time jobs in the B.B.C., the C.O.I. and other intellectual bureaucracies. It is said that the poverty of our literature is due to the exhaustion of the two wars and the distracting blare of events in the world. This may well be; but the deterioration of the real rewards of authorship is also to blame. We are paying the price for the loss of subsidised leisure. We can support ourselves only if we become middlemen between the arts and the audience of the new mechanised culture; and while some of this work is not degrading, it is, if continuous, deadening to the creative impulse.

Some part of our dilemma was foreseen as early as 1911 by Rupert Brooke in a lively and astonishing lecture* which he gave to the Cambridge University Fabian Society. I have already written briefly on this book; and I have received a large number of letters from authors, who cry, "Give me money," and from their readers, who reply, "What do *you* want money for? You of all people." I urge those who are concerned with the position of artists of all kinds in a socialist society to straighten their ideas with the aid of Rupert Brooke's generous, good-humoured, far-seeing words. Rupert Brooke foresaw what we now begin to experience: that the elimination of the private income would be mortal to the arts which, directly or indirectly, have depended upon it. I propose to deal with writers only. Indiscreet inquiry soon shows that, apart from immediate best sellers, the good writers have been, at some crucial period of their lives, the kept writers. Brooke believed that what the State had taken with one hand it must give back with the other in some system of endowment; and, faced by the argument that "Art just happens," whatever the conditions of life, he replied, with the romantic fervour of 1911, that Socialism was a way of living and that if it could not improve on the past it had no justification. Bliss was it on that dawn to be alive when Socialism was a radiance on the horizon. He could not imagine that a socialist state would insist on the control of its literature for its own tactical purposes. A Fabian, he believed in committees as others believe in chance; and he was capable of a Chestertonian vision of the enlightenment of Town Councillors! He could imagine, for example, the City Fathers of Leeds supporting a man of genius; Glasgow vying with Leeds, Plymouth backing its Baudelaire and Nottingham its D. H. Lawrence. And finally he proposed a central committee of writers, whose dominance would be checked by other committees in the provinces and the universities, who would award £500 a year to artists of talent to the total tune of half a million. There would be a lot of failures. The odds might be ten or even twenty to one. But the old system took its risks and cut its losses, Socialism must not be less philosophical.

If Brooke could see now how far we had moved towards discreet State assistance to the artist, he would notice that the imaginative writer is not yet a beneficiary. He would see, I think, that the writer is likely to be a victim of what Brooke would call the William Morris fallacy. William Morris desired a society of craftsmen, a society of part-timers. He wanted the Jack of Two Trades. This was a natural aspect of his medievalism and Rupert Brooke had the sense and spirit to oppose it. He did not believe in "collective art," and he would have disliked the neo-medievalism of the Soviet Union. Though we might fall by necessity into some collective patterns, we would deceive ourselves (Brooke thought) if we thought we could forget that we are individualists and heirs of the Renaissance:

> "There is another wrong notion of art that falsifies the opinions of many on this subject [Art and Democracy]. Let us beware of those who talk of 'the art of the people' or of 'expressing the soul of the community.' The Community hasn't got a soul; you can't voice the soul of the Community any more than you can blow its nose. The conditions of Democracy may profoundly alter the outlook of many artists and partly their style and matter. But the *main* business of art has been, is, and one must assume will be, an individual and unique affair. 'I saw—*I saw,*' the artist says. . . ."

The novelist would certainly agree with those words. But it is doubtful if the modern poet has always agreed; and it is certain that the Greek tragic dramatists have not, for the classical drama raises the collective experience of human suffering and conflict to a place of absolute authority over individual lives. Brooke was grinning at the suburban comedies of the peasant revival; a classical and formal "art of the people," quite removed from the grubbiness of popular realism, is imaginable if it seems improbable.

But Brooke's main contention is right and it links up with his argument about the economics of authorship. There is not one community, there are many communities, not one public but many. They are continually changing. We must not allow the notion of a static community, a kind of socialised Versailles with blank-eyed artists obliged to do duty as official statues. As a part-time statue the author anticipates his own death. The artist's function is to be an artist first, not last. We do not ask for part-time doctoring. Nothing short of complete leisure and complete independence will do. And in the past only those who have had private incomes or who have been kept by their wives, their husbands or their parents, have known what leisure and independence are.

As we warm to this Edwardian Utopia, as we reflect that we have already begun (by the award of small grants to young writers) to break with the free-for-all traditions of our literary economy, a slave's recalcitrance crackles in our joints. Most writers acknowledge the spur of poverty and, glancing back at Disraeli's *Calamities* again, we are reminded that the progress of a talent is the result of the life and death struggle of the writer with his own character. There are monsters like Trollope and Bennett who clock in and who have imposed the indispensable *habit* of writing upon themselves. There are fiends like Lawrence who have an imaginary but fertile working arrangement with their solar plexus. But "the great fault of the poet Collins," Johnson said, was his irresolution; and application merely aggravated it. The ghost of Collins haunts the guilty hours of dozens of writers. Irresolution and idleness, that idleness of mind which makes it more tempting to review another's book, edit another's works and to slip into any reputable second-hand work that the respectful radio producer pushes towards us, than to write our own. To ask to be delivered from temptation is a vain prayer and one feels nobler for putting the blame on the economics of authorship. If Gibbon had not had £400—£1,200 or more today—he could not have written *The Decline and Fall;* but how many are killed by a competence! There can be no doubt that the debts of Balzac were a need of his nature, that he went on buying his grotesque bronze objects and his second-rate pictures from a gluttony which was inseparable from his talent, that, indeed, he incurred debts so that he might be inspired to pay them off. Assured at last by his rich marriage, he died.

The wholesale endowment of writers is hardly likely to appeal to a British Chancellor. Oblique, covert and piecemeal endowment, on the other hand, seems to me desirable and likely to happen. The reorganisation of publishing, and especially a stern alteration in the relations of public and private libraries with authors is an essential alternative. The public libraries are poor; it would be possible, surely, for the borrower (not the library) to pay a royalty to the author? The author is especially entitled to relief in his taxes; he is taxed on what is, in fact, his capital, not on his profits. Young writers tell me that they have been obliged to hand over the whole of their advance on a book to the Inland Revenue. "I wrote a book to pay my income tax." The young writer cannot even start. He is the first victim of the deterioration of middle-class life. Some of us would like to see selective endowment for periods of two to five years. Many a writer of talent might be saved from the wheels of the money machine if, at the right moment, he were given a few years of leisure; but the awards must be large and accord with a writer's responsibilities. It is useless to give a man £200 and expect him to give up his job. A two-hundred-pound prize is useless to any but the very young, and I am not sure that early poverty is bad for a writer. It forces him upon the world from which his profession will, in the course of time and success, tend to isolate him. A combination of remedies, rather than a sweeping solution, is the thing to aim at, for an important and final reason. Chance and insecurity are the morbid attractions of the writing life, and they match the variableness and mood of the temperatment. Patient and laborious as that temperament is, it has a need to make sudden assertions of will or faith, even great impudences and declarations of egotism and vanity, in which it blatantly plays against the world. In the meantime revolution and inflation have created a chaos which is destroying men and women of talent. It is impossible to ignore the dilemma Rupert Brooke raised.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

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* *Democracy and the Arts.* BY RUPERT BROOKE. *Rupert Hart-Davis, 6s.*

AN AMERICAN SOURCE

Democracy in America. By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Edited, with an introduction, by H. S. Commager. *Oxford Univ. Press.* 6s.

This new volume in the famous *World's Classics* series is edited by an American historian of exceptional distinction; but the reader ought to be aware at once that the text is an abridgement of the original cut down to about half its size. It is far from easy to gather upon what principles Professor Commager has made his selection. Some of his omissions are wholly reasonable, for the simple reason that, in the descriptive part of his work, a good deal of what de Tocqueville wrote is obsolete or inaccurate, and that much better accounts can be obtained elsewhere.

But it is impossible to accept Professor Commager's claim that "it is hoped and believed that the present edition sacrifices nothing that is essential, and presents what is essential in most succinct and palatable form" On the contrary Professor Commager has left out some of the most remarkable and interesting of de Tocqueville's analysis. He has omitted the discussion of the American genius for the practical; of literary tendencies in a democracy; of why democracy tends to make literature a trade; on the American modification of the English language; of American style in oratory and literature; on the American taste for physical well-being; on the restlessness of Americans; on the relation, in America, of equality to liberty; on the effect of the American scene on the relation between masters and servants; on the sensitiveness of Americans; on the many small, and the few great ambitions in America; on the psychological relation of America to peace, and to the problem of army discipline; on the danger of a new industrial feudalism in America; and on the curious phenomenon which makes social life in America at once exciting and monotonous. I have chosen some examples only—there are many more—in which, whatever principle of selection Professor Commager has adopted, he has deprived the reader who does not know the complete work of some of the most illuminating parts of it. He has not, moreover, given any indication of what he has omitted; and his method of numbering the chapters he has printed makes it complicated to relate his extracts to the complete work. I do not think, therefore, that his claim that his edition "sacrifices nothing that is essential" can even partially be sustained. He has, in fact, cut out a great deal that would have illustrated the range of de Tocqueville's mind, his remarkable powers of seeing the contrasts that were significant in his day between America and Europe, not a few of his amazing prophecies, and much that is vital for a grasp of de Tocqueville's sense—that all the elements of American life are affected by the democratic habits upon which it was based. By cutting out, moreover, a good deal of what de Tocqueville sought to emphasise, by setting American, in the context of French experience—Professor Commager looks upon these as "digressions"—he has prevented the reader who comes to one who was, with the exception of Marx, the greatest sociologist of the nineteenth century, from seeing what it was that made these emphases things that the author found of special significance. Not unless this edition tempts its reader to go on to the study of the full text will he have an effective sense either of the amplitude of de Tocqueville's mind, or of the historical significance of the angle from which he made his commentary. Perhaps it was too much to hope for an index; but its absence sadly reduces the value of even this abridged edition.

While there is much that is illuminating in Professor Commager's introduction, there is much also that is absent and would have been helpful. Why de Tocqueville came to America, the place he occupied in the contemporary politics of his own country, the way in which all subsequent writing about America has been affected by his approach, the influence, even, upon the way in which men think about democracy itself: on all this it would have been helpful to have had Professor Commager's comments; and such comment is, indeed, necessary to the understanding of the book. Some of the criticisms Professor Commager makes, moreover, of de Tocqueville's weakness are very dubious. It is quite mistaken to say that he wrote of "the tyranny of the majority without once citing a convincing example of such tyranny." It is a proof of his insight, and not of his errors, that, even when a strong President like Jackson was in the White House, Tocqueville could see the "inherent weakness of the executive authority"; for that weakness was demonstrated from the retirement of Jackson until the election of Lincoln, and, with the exceptions of Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt, right down to the present day. No doubt he missed the abolitionist movement and transcendentalism; but that was, merely, for the very good reason that neither was an impressive thread in the American pattern until after his book was published. And so far from not realising the significance of the Jacksonian Revolution, I should estimate that a considerable part of the most significant chapters in the book are coloured by the impact it made on the mind of de Tocqueville. Still, it is good to have an American of Professor Commager's distinction agree that no other commentary on democratic life in America approaches this in quality. I hope, with him, that his abridgement will take many readers to the full work. If from that they go on to his superb *Souvenirs* and his remarkable correspondence, they will realise why one is frequently tempted to make him one of the most seminal thinkers since the French Revolution.

HAROLD J. LASKI

I AND THOU

Between Man and Man. By MARTIN BUBER. *Kegan Paul.* 12s. 6d.

There are three clear lines of descent from Kierkegaard. The legitimate head of the first is Heidegger. The legitimate head of the second is Karl Barth. The third or "personalist" line is tainted with bastardy and has no legitimate head. Its most active pretender is Emmanuel Mounier, but Berdyaev is the intellectual force. The first line is strictly philosophical, though it may produce "creative" offshoots in Paris. The second is strictly theological. It is the line of Protestant revival and the return to Lutheran irrational faith, though its emphasis is shared by the Catholic Gabriel Marcel. The third line can, at a pinch, dispense with both philosophy and theology. It is a line of publicists and thinkers. It is one thing to be preoccupied, like Heidegger, with the utter loneliness of man in the face of death. It is quite another to make the uniqueness of the person a cause to be championed. Why is the unique sacred? Why is it more valuable than the common? Is it possible to legislate except for the common, and must we not legislate? These questions are not answered. The preoccupation of the personalists is a practical one. They feel that their own peculiarities are not taken into account by the authors of the managerial revolution. In this, they are probably right.

At first sight, Buber is a sentimental personalist rather than an existential philosopher or a theologian of crisis. At the same time, the quality of his thought is so vastly more attractive, his merely literary graces so persuasive, that one suspends disbelief. Respect the person, and all will be well. Make yourself aware of the peculiarities of other people, and enter into essential relations with them. Remember God, and distrust argument. This does seem to be all that Buber is saying, but he says it extremely well. Moreover, he says it without betraying agitation. This urbanity must be a gift from the rabbinical tradition. If there is a clue to the temper of Kierkegaard's mind, it is that the Mediterranean sun never shone upon it. Buber inherits a monotheism that was already well-established when Thor's hammer thundered upon the Jutland heath.

Buber has been professor of social philosophy at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem since 1938. He comes from Vienna, so that his early training must have taken place under the shadow of Brentano, whom he does not mention. He wrote on behalf of Zionist politics and Hasidic mysticism and left German soil upon the advent of Hitler. He is best-known for his *I and Thou* (*Ich und Du*) whose English translation is still in print with a Scottish publisher. The present book is a compilation of five essays and lectures written between 1926 and 1939 and beautifully translated by Ronald Gregor Smith. They are not all of a piece. In the earlier sections, Kierkegaard is imitated to the point of pastiche. In the later sections, he is subjected to criticism for a defective sense of community. Indeed it is Buber who shrewdly observes here (and it immediately seems so obvious that one feels sure it must have been pointed out many times before, and yet I cannot remember ever seeing it pointed out) that Kierkegaard's three stages, the aesthetic, the ethical and the religious, are but an illustration of that Hegelian dialectic which Kierkegaard thought he had renounced and superseded.

The fifth and longest section of the book is a history of philosophy's answers to the question, "What is Man?" Its aim is critical, and it proves effectively that Buber did not become a moral leader through the lack of a gift for philosophy. Even in this section, however, the real subject is the same as in the shadowy, evocative earlier writing. This subject is unspoken dialogue, ineffable communion. It is the lack of a "Thou" in Heidegger and Max Stirner, the lack of a "We" in Kierkegaard, the lack even of an "I" in Max Scheler, which Buber undertakes to demonstrate by a masterly reduction of the philosophies of these men to a bare intuition.

Buber's cosmic dialogue is not by any means new. It underlies the mysticism of the Cabala, in which the divine presence or Shekinah is also the queen and lover of Elohim. The same female principle within the godhead is found in Christendom under the name of that Gnostic Sophia which (or whom) Berdyaev was formerly at some pains to reconstitute, while even in Western Europe the Church or sacred community is at once the Mystical Body and the Bride of Christ. Nor of course does one need either a philosophical or a mystical technique to prove the human individual's fatal lack of self-sufficiency. Psycho-analysis will do just as well, for Heidegger's man and Scheler's man are very like two common types of invalid. Buber's man is not sick, but then he is probably unborn. Or perhaps he lived long ago in a Golden Age when the sense of community came easily and men lived together in a state of primitive clairvoyance. Or he may be an ace demonstrator of paranormal cognition to the Society for Psychical Research, to whom also essential relations and breaching the frontiers of one's being seem commonplace.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

MUSIC IN ENGLAND

Music in Society. By WILFRID MELLERS. *Dennis Doboson.* 8s. 6d.

The Orchestra in England. By REGINALD NETTEL. *Cape.* 12s. 6d.

Royal Philharmonic. By ROBERT ELKIN. *Rider.* 21s.

Why English music should have undergone an eclipse of two centuries—centuries, moreover, so immensely fertile in the rest of Europe—is a puzzle which will always vex musical historians. The usual explanations, true enough as far as they go, never seem altogether adequate. Thus, Mr. Mellers accounts for our Dark Ages in terms of the decline in spontaneous religious feeling, the post-Elizabethan social split in our culture, the wicked Puritan distinction between God and art, and, of course, the onset of capitalism and

Big Business, reaching a climax of materialistic degradation in the 19th century. He expounds these ideas, without lucidity, it is true, but with learning, enthusiasm and many flashes of insight; and yet I still don't see why those same social, spiritual and economic conditions which stifled the creative spirit in our music should have permitted such a flowering in the field of literature; if it were only prose that had flourished, general explanations of this order might hold good, but why was there no musical equivalent to the romantic revival in poetry? Nor does the chapter on "The English Renaissance" (*i.e.*, that of the 20th century) offer a convincing social, economic or religious explanation of this phenomenon: few centuries can have been more materialistic and less religious than our own. It may be that I haven't done justice to Mr. Mellers's argument; but then he hasn't done justice to it himself. He is one of those writers who show the minimum of consideration for "that man of sorrows" (as Housman once called him), the reader. His style is larded with words like "symbolization," "creativity," "urbanness," "inflectionalism," "evolutionarily," and even "sticktoitiveness"; he will cheerfully remark that "a compromise must prove ultimately abortive"; and he thinks nothing of a sentence like this:

> It is interesting to note that whereas Gesualdo's latently operatic chromaticism not only broke down the old order, but also helped to release the impulses which were to achieve a new social formalization through the interoperation of the new dance shapes, culminating in the great "social" structure of the 18th century sonata, Wagner's chromaticism takes the wheel full circle, and here an essentially dramatic, theatrical art attempts once more to establish *religious* and textural significance.

Mr. Nettel is also concerned with the interaction of social and musical forces; he has chosen a good subject, and treated it well. In particular, he holds an admirable balance between the mere relation of facts and anecdotes and the temptation to explain every vagary of individual character in terms of social and economic tendencies. In his pages we follow the development of the English orchestra from Purcell's experiments and the Handelian agglomeration of strings, oboes and bassoons to that crucial moment in our musical history—the engagement by Salomon of the veteran Haydn for the Hanover Square Rooms concerts, first in 1791 and again in 1794. The twelve Salomon symphonies are not only Haydn's greatest compositions in this form; their outstanding success really laid the foundations of symphonic music in England.

The next stage Mr. Nettel calls "The Philharmonic Period," and here his narrative overlaps that of the Society's latest historian, Mr. Robert Elkin. Salomon himself was one of the professional musicians who banded together in 1813 as a counterblast to the rather starchy and old-fashioned "Concerts of Antient Music." One of the unalterable rules of the Ancient Concerts (which lasted from 1776 to 1848) was that nothing should be played which was less than twenty years old. They had undoubtedly done good work in keeping alive the music of Handel, Purcell and even the Elizabethan madrigalists; but the need was now to acquaint the English public with the wonderful new German symphonic repertoire. This task the Philharmonic Society admirably and honourably performed; both from the æsthetic and the humanitarian point of view, few things in our musical history are more creditable than the Society's dealings with the difficult Beethoven. Throughout the 19th century the history of its orchestra, as Mr. Nettel rightly claims, is "the most important single factor in the advancement of musical taste in England." Costa was the first to introduce real orchestral discipline, but even after his time the great visiting European musicians found many surprises and anomalies in our insular habits; still they nearly all came, and both authors include much interesting and amusing detail in recounting the Society's adventures with Berlioz, Wagner, Mendelssohn and the rest.

Mr. Nettel also discusses the fruitful work of Manns and Grove at the Crystal Palace, and the immense impact of Richter in 1877, the year (according to the author) when London first heard superlative orchestral playing; he goes on to consider the activities of Hallé in Manchester, of Godfrey in Bournemouth and of Sir Thomas Beecham everywhere; and he concludes with an attempt to assess the present and future influence of broadcasting. Meanwhile, Mr. Elkin follows the fortunes of the Philharmonic until it becomes just one (though the most venerable) of London's many concert-giving bodies; he is a candid enough historian to relate the embarrassing as well as the glorious moments in the Society's annals, such as that unfortunate occasion when the Secretary, Francesco Berger, invited Debussy to come over and conduct a work of his own: "Shall it be *Pelléas et Mélisande?* Can you tell me approximately how many minutes this work requires in performance? I conclude it is for orchestra only . . ." This was in 1906; it is not surprising to learn that Debussy's reply was a curt refusal.

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PERSONS AND HISTORY

Charles and Cromwell. By HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON. *Duckworth.* 15*s.*

In his preface to this book Mr. Williamson protests against the various theories that history is predetermined by any general rules; history, he suggests, is the resultant of personal characters and their accidental relations; and he has sought to show how the personalities of Charles I and Cromwell, by their interactions, determined the course of English history in one of its great crises.

It should be said at once that Mr. Williamson neither produces, nor claims to produce, anything new; nor could he do so if he wished, given the limitations which he has set himself. If he had set out to analyse the social and political forces at work, he would have found many problems to which historians are still seeking the solution; but since he has deliberately chosen to disregard these forces, he has saved himself from facing these problems, and his readers from doubting his solutions. His only concern is with personalities and events, and here the facts are sufficiently well-established. On this subject Gardiner's great *History* (curiously unmentioned in Mr. Williamson's bibliography) is final, and later writers need only contract its length and vary its style. Mr. Williamson writes at manageable length and in readable style; in relating the facts he is generally, though not always, accurate; and there is really very little else to say about the matter of his book.

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For really it is his thesis, not his presentation (or selection) of facts, that is questionable. Certainly the Marxists have had too long a run in historiography. Certainly history is influenced, and often decisively influenced, by personalities. But personalities are not the only material of history, and the personalities of Charles I and Cromwell are not the only personal forces during the Civil Wars. Since Charles I was not a political force after 1648, or Cromwell before 1647, the period of their interaction is reduced to two years, and the rest of the book is novelist's background. Even within these two years, Charles and Cromwell were by no means the only protagonists, nor was Cromwell at least as free in his choice of policy as Mr. Williamson supposes, for the fears of his army, and the rivalry of the Levellers, largely determined his actions. If Charles I behaved as if he were a free agent, the result only shows that the theory is untenable.

Indeed, as one reads this book, one cannot avoid the impression that Mr. Williamson refuses to admit impersonal forces in history because he does not understand them. It is difficult otherwise to make sense of his remark that " Ireton and Rainsborough argued the case of Fascism v. Communism at Putney in 1647 much more intelligently and profoundly than it has ever been argued since " ; and his statement that if Cromwell's negotiations with Charles in 1647 had succeeded, " they would have anticipated almost exactly Mussolini and Victor Emmanuel " suggests (like his contemptuous underestimate of Ireton) that he misunderstands personalities as well. The Italian combination was possible because the King was a cypher and the minister a cynical adventurer ; and it lasted 21 years. Charles I was politically worthless, but he would never have accepted the status of a *roi fainéant :* and Cromwell would have contained himself no longer as his mayor of the palace than he did as Manchester's lieutenant, or the Rump's General.

It is only fair to add that Mr. Williamson seems himself to be aware that he is no historian. His extreme timidity in the discussion of sources is evidence of this. In his curiously assorted bibliography, while admitting that " needless to say the books are of unequal value," he makes no attempt to distinguish the good from the bad ; " Professor Ernest Barker's comparison of Cromwell with Hitler," he tells us " is most instructive," but he does not tell us what it instructs ; and when we read that Mr. Williamson has " deliberately omitted all footnote citation of authorities," we are left asking the reason for this deliberate policy. A reasonable deduction is that Mr. Williamson is himself uncertain of the rules of evidence and does not wish to commit himself. Altogether, he would have done much better to have omitted his pretentious foreword, and to have left his book to rest on its own merits as a straightforward and readable story in English history. It adds nothing to knowledge, but in its own class, it is better than the next.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

VERDI : *La Traviata.* Complete Recording. (Adriana Guerrini, Luigi Infantino, Paolo Silveri, and supporting cast. Chorus and orch. of Opera House, Rome, cond. Bellezza. Col. DX1324-38.) If only the singers had displayed rather better taste, this might have been a very good set indeed. The orchestral playing is splendid, and well recorded. The chorus has exactly the right touch, and it fills out the ensembles without *stuffing* them. But the three chief roles are sung with a lack of sensibility—of feeling for the words and the meaning of situations—that must enrage and stupefy anyone who has heard even the most worn of records made in the days when this kind of music was understood. Signora Guerrini has a full-blooded voice and an adequate technique, and when she chooses to moderate her tone the result is beautiful. Alas ! that she chooses so seldom ; seeming content to sing one passage after another without restraint and almost irrespective of the composer's dynamic markings. We should not for a moment guess that Violetta is meant to be dying of consumption : never has a singer sounded more aggressively well. Neither do Luigi Infantino and Paolo Silveri make much attempt to convey the characters which Verdi so genially reveals beneath the florid surface of this deceptively simple music. Both have plenty of vocal resource and occasionally delight one with a finely modelled phrase. Signor Infantino has one splendidly justified outburst at the end of Act 2. But this is not enough to dispel the total impression of a coarse, routine performance which is a disheartening reflection on the age we live in. On the other hand, evidences of over-recording are exceptionally few ; the surface of the discs is mostly excellent ; and in Act 1 the performance is, on the whole, continuously enjoyable. A deep, rumbling noise, as of underground trains, rather spoils the quieter moments throughout the opera.

STRAVINSKY : *The Fire Bird—Suite.* (London Philharmonic Orch. cond. Ansermet. Decca K1574-6.) A truly magnificent issue—in my opinion quite possibly the finest orchestral recording ever made. It is extraordinary how much the engineers have contrived to get on to this record : the big climaxes never degenerate into mere noise and the more delicate elaborations of the wonderful score are managed with complete fidelity.

PROKOFIEV : *Alexander Nevsky—Cantata.* (Philadelphia Orch., Westminster Choir, and Jennie Tourel, cond. Ormandy. Col. LX977-81.) This cantata suffers, as music, from its illustrative origins. As an accompaniment to the film, the long battle sequence must have been more than adequate, but it hardly stands up by itself. The choruses, too, seem to need visual support, though the material here is intrinsically more interesting. It is in the Field of the Dead section, and the Lament (most expressively sung by a contralto who is new to us over here), that Prokofiev gives of his best. In these passages the music evokes the scene with a poignancy that needs no illustration. The performance of the whole cantata is thrilling, the recording very skilful. The choral parts are never blurred and even the heaviest tuttis of an extremely noisy score emerge in full perspective and with agreeable effect.

TCHAIKOVSKY : *Casse Noisette Suite* (New York Philharmonic Orch. cond. Rodzinski. Col. DX1342-4.) This set poses a difficult problem. It has many admirable qualities, both of performance and recording, but it is by no means wholly superior to the Decca issue conducted by Stanford Robinson. The Columbia recording is the sharper and more vivid of the two ; the Overture is crisp as a newly lit fire ; the *allure* of the Flower Waltz is certainly the more authentic. But Arthur Rodzinski does not make as much of the Danse Arabe as Mr. Robinson ; the Fée Dragée's celesta achieves nearness at the expense of clarity ; the rocketing flute at the beginning of the Danse Chinoise muffs a note, with disastrous effect ; the flute trio in the Danse des Mirlitons smear their semi-quaver figure. To those who require above all else brilliance and vigour and cosmopolitan assurance, I can recommend the new set ; those who value fine detail and a sensitive rather than especially vital performance, will prefer the Decca issue. Neither has the faults, or the virtues, of the other.

WAGNER : *Lohengrin : Prelude to Act* 1. (Hallé Orch. cond. Barbirolli. H.M.V. C3545.) A new recording was badly needed, but I fear this is not the one for which we have been waiting. This luminous composition absolutely desiderates a steady stream of beautiful instrumental tone. While good enough for most purposes, the Hallé Orchestra does not provide this : the string quality does not ravish, the brass is all too resistible. A respectable recording, but quite unexciting.

ROSSINI : *Overture " La Cenerentola."* (N.B.C.

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Symphony Orch. cond. Toscanini. H.M.V. DB6368.) Perhaps the most delightful overture Rossini ever wrote. Toscanini at his most electric. American recording has—from our point of view—been steadily improving lately, and this is an admirable example of the qualities for which the new issue of the *Casse Noisette* is remarkable.

Delius: *Violin Concerto*. (Jean Pougnet with Royal Philharmonic Orch. cond. Beecham. H.M.V. DB6369-71.) This set raises, in a particularly aggravated form, the question of multiplication of issues. When there already exists a perfectly satisfactory recording, superlatively played by the violinist for whom the concerto was especially written, why does the Delius Trust think it necessary or desirable to commission a new set from a different artist? Despite Sir Thomas and the fine musicianship of Mr. Pougnet, I cannot perceive that this issue is in any respect superior to the previous one. The solo part in this concerto is peculiarly difficult to sustain, and Mr. Pougnet's performance does not approach the rapt, lark-like ecstasy which is Mr. Albert Sammons's bright particular gift. And what is more, the new recording is no improvement (save perhaps in a few minor details) on that of the Columbia set.

Rubbra: *Sonata No. 2 for Violin and Piano*. (Albert Sammons and Gerald Moore. H.M.V. C3547-8.) Composed in 1932, this sonata shows Edmund Rubbra still incompletely freed from the toils of the New Academism. The opening theme, in especial, will not bear as much repetition as it is allowed; and in all three movements there is a tendency to treat modal fragments as if they were sufficient melodies. Nevertheless, the sonata has arresting qualities. The piano writing shows great resource and invention; the texture (not usually one of this composer's strong points) is varied and clear; the slow movement (a Lament) is well rounded and extremely touching in effect; the tumultuous Finale—a virtuoso piece in every sense—has a Gallic grace and finish. The performance does the sonata full justice and the recording is a very fine one. Good as it is, however, this work must not be allowed to remain the only one by which Mr. Rubbra is known to the gramophone public, for his talent has progressed some way since this sonata was written.

Beethoven: *Sonata in E Flat*, op. 81*a* ("Les Adieux"). (Albert Ferber. Decca K1569-10.) On the whole, I applaud Mr. Ferber's interpretation of this very tricky sonata. He avoids all temptations (there are many) to virtuosity, and assumes a lower range of tempi than most pianists—with advantage to the outlines. The sonata is a very intimate one and requires the greatest delicacy of treatment. Once only I believe that Mr. Ferber goes badly off the rails—in the *Poco andante* section before the final cadence of the Finale. This little passage serves, I feel, to remind us that it has not been "roses all the way," and that farewell and absence account for two-thirds of the emotion expressed by the work. This backward glance can only be conveyed by a careful *rubato*: Mr. Ferber's stiff and heavy delivery of the whole fourteen bars to my mind deprives them of meaning. Not a major criticism, perhaps; but the recording is also unsatisfactory—very dead and tubby. I doubt if any note longer than a quaver receives its full value.

Beethoven: *Piano Sonata in F Minor* ("*Appassionata*"). (Nicolas Medtner. H.M.V. C3551-3.) This issue was a grave mistake. Both as composer and pianist Medtner is an artist of considerable distinction, but his playing of this work appears to have (for reasons which may well be fortuitous) nothing to recommend it. The tempi are eccentric and capricious—particularly in the first movement, which has no *drive* at all; the passage-work is feeble and messy; violence is constantly employed as a substitute for strength. So laborious and emphatic a rendering does scant justice to the pianist—not to mention Beethoven himself. The Edwin Fischer recording of this sonata remains by far the best.

Handel: "Sound an Alarm" and "How vain is Man" (*Judas Maccabaeus*). (Heddle Nash with Philharmonia Orch. cond. Braithwaite. H.M.V. C3550.) Extremely florid arias in Handel's most spirited Baroque style. Heddle Nash gives a valiant, though not quite effortless performance. The recording is a good strong one, but not coarse or shallow.

Lalo: "Vainement, ma bien aimée" (*Le Roi d'Ys*), and **Halévy**: "Rachel! quand du Seigneur" (*La Juive*). (Beniamino Gigli with Royal Opera House Orch. cond. Zamboni. H.M.V. DB6366.) Gigli's voice is always beautiful in tone; what a pity, then, that vulgarities of style and a truly appalling accent in French should effectively spoil his singing of Lalo's Aubade. This air, which has charmed many generations of opera-goers, requires a lyrical touch and a "straight" legato delivery. Edmond Clément gave the classic example of how to sing this song. In any case, there is no excuse for sobs and other dramatic transports in which Gigli loves to indulge. "Rachel! quand du Seigneur"—if not the rest of *La Juive*—deserves to live beyond the confines of Proust's famous joke, for it is a dignified example of the French *opera seria* of its day (1835), and the melody is not banal. But it really needs to be sung with somewhat more ease and grace than Gigli now commands. Like Caruso, he has waited too long to record this aria. The orchestra in this issue comes through very realistically, and the balance is good.

Puccini: "Che gelida manina" (*La Bohême*) and **Mascagni** "Addio alla Madre" (*Cavalleria Rusticana*). (Mario Binci with Royal Opera House Orch. cond. Patanè H.M.V. C3541.) Signor Binci possesses an heroic tenor of noticeable sweetness, power and steadiness. He sings these two songs with enough beauty of tone to make us forget how often (how very much too often) we have heard them before. This disc can be confidently recommended to anyone desiring a satisfactory modern recording of this music.

Saint-Saëns: "S'apre per te il mio cor" (*Sansone e Dalila*). (Ebe Stignani with Orch. of the Opera House, Rome, cond. Ricci. Col. LX976.) Here I am tempted to beat about the bush, because Ebe Stignani's voice is outstandingly beautiful; but I'm afraid her singing of this bosomy cantilena must be described as dull. It is too slow, too controlled, altogether too unseductive. The rolling eye of the experienced vamp is not evoked; and it must be, if this aria is not to appear simply stupid.

Brahms: "So willt du des armen" (op. 33, No. 5), "Der Schmied" (op. 19, No. 4), "Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen" (op. 32, No. 2). (Marjorie Lawrence acc. Ivor Newton. Decca M598.) Very fine songs, only fairly well sung. Bad recording balance: voice too far forward, not enough piano.

Educational Supplement: Miscellaneous Choral Music by School Choirs (8 records: H.M.V. C3523-30.) Miscellaneous Tunes arr. for Pipes and Piano (The Pipers Guild Quartet and Kathleen Blocksidge. Six records: Col. DB2278-82 and DX1345.) I cannot too highly recommend the first of these sets to the attention of those who enjoy good choral singing.

The records cover a very wide range, from Plain-Song, through Pergolesi, to hymns and modern *a cappella* pieces. I cannot, for reasons of space, list all these records separately, but would single out the Plain-Chant (H.M.V. C3523), the Pergolesi *Pro Peccatis* (H.M.V. C3526) and Purcell's "Sound the Trumpet" (H.M.V. C3524). Boys and girls alike seem to have been trained in the finest British tradition; the result is unpretentious, true and charmingly natural. The recording, moreover, is quite excellent—spacious and bell-like, yet free from echo. The pieces for pipes are a good deal less interesting, musically, though they contain a Suite by Vaughan Williams which sounds as if it were being sung by a choir of cuckoos. I am not competent to criticise the performance of this peculiar instrument, which has a monotonous and weak, but sweet tone, not unlike that of the recorder. The recording, again, is of good quality. From an educational point of view these sets should have considerable value.

Edward Sackville West

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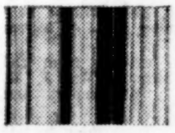

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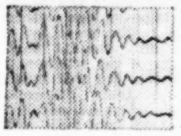

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Week-end Competitions

To fill the gap made by our suspension we are, this week, setting two competitions.

No. 890

Set by John Morton

American papers have reported that Scotland will soon leave the British Empire. The usual prizes are offered for an extract from a speech by either Mr. Churchill, Mr. Gallacher or Mrs. Mann on the Scottish Independence Bill. Length 200 words. Entries by April 1st.

No. 891

Set by Sebastian

The usual prizes are offered for a picturesque and prophetic poem in lyric couplets, suggesting that this winter's calamitous weather foretells a major change in the world's climates. Length 16 lines. Entries by April 1st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 888

Set by Naomi Lewis

Competitors are asked to imagine that the New Statesman is returning the hospitality offered by different newspapers during the fuel crisis. The usual prizes are offered for an extract from a guest feature, written with an eye to New Statesman readers (limit 200 words): on fashion, sport, health, human problems and gossip column.

Report by Naomi Lewis

Most competitors seemed more familiar with their columnists than with their Statesman but where many failed was in trying to produce a *double* burlesque. The subject matter needed to be taken seriously, whatever the strainings of style and angle. A slight self-consciousness did not come amiss, but the position of guest is a delicate one, and rudeness and humour at the expense of your host will not do. I award two guineas to Peter Alexander, a guinea and a half each to Stanley Sharpless and Desmond Cooper, half a guinea each to L. G. Udall and John Thornton. Runners-up were Terence Melican and Ray Dawson.

Fashion Notes.

For the political woman who wishes to be unostentatiously well-dressed there is a new Hardly Anies model at Sinister and Freeman (T.U. all departments) which is most versatile. With fewer gew-gaws and more built-on, built-in interest, it is a triumph of the planners' art. Styled on original lines in Turnstile Red wool, it has a skirt designed not to impede freedom of movement, with pleats at the back that leap into action when you move. The skirt flows easily by means of slashed sectional insets into a full bodice neatly gathered into a fold on the left. On the right a simple heart motif relieves the severity of a clean sweep to the level shoulder line. At the back there is a tuc straight from the shoulder to a narrow cross-cut band.

Worn *solo* this model will grace any committee session; under one of the new topcoats with the fashionable accentuated forward movement it will keep you snug as snug at an outdoor rally; or there is a jacket to match or contrast, with or without parti-lining, to add a touch of discretion for the evening book-club meeting.

Peter Alexander

(Our contemporary, "Rude Health," is unable to appear this week, its entire staff having succumbed to influenza. We therefore extended the hospitality of our columns to its editor, who dictated the following from a sick bed.)

Wondering what clinical topic would be of special relevance in these circumstances, I thought perhaps it might interest readers of The New Statesman if I referred briefly to a condition to which as yet no specific name has been assigned, but which is held in some quarters to be an insidious and dangerous disorder, and in others, with equal conviction, to be a sign of advanced evolutionary adaptation. It is a rather complex state of psycho-cerebro-metaphysico-intellectual-cum-spiritual disequilibrium of which the symptoms are as follows. The victim is under the impression that everybody is out of step but himself. He feels an unusually high degree of benevolence towards mankind in general combined with some distaste for such specimens of it as come his way. Pink spots dance before the eyes, and he has an almost schizophrenic preoccupation with the distinction between left and right . . . . There is no certain cure, but hobbies, children, money, old age, religion, etc. often diminish the more pronounced manifestations.

Stanley J. Sharpless

THE BOAT RACE

The still days of this embryo spring, so Breughelesque in their morning contrast of bowler hat against the snow, have offered a number of opportunities to compare the rival Boat Race crews. Did I say compare? Contrast rather. Oxford—light, neat, dapper, have the unhurried coherence, the nerve, the poise, the measured *élan* of a Haydn minuet. Cambridge—weightier, more ponderous perhaps, are yet capable of a *brio* which in popply water at any rate achieves the dimensions of a veritable *tour de force*. The influence of Jesus is patent here.

Yesterday the weather restricted practice. Inevitably I recalled Hugo's words to mind, so moving in their simplicity. . . "il neigeait." "Sombre jours," I went on as I watched the Oxford crew come ashore after a strong paddle at 29. In the boathouse I discussed recent changes in the crew with the President, A. D'A. Heathcote—Pennant (12 stone 2 lb., Eton and Christchurch). The splendid youth summed them up with a shrug of his massive shoulders . . . "Plus ça change. . ." he smiled.

Desmond Cooper

ANNA DIMPLE'S NOTEBOOK

I have become so used to dealing with my Reader's problems that it is a surprise and not unpleasant change to have a really tremendous problem of my own solved for me by the charming Editor of your journal. As soon as it was known that all major ink supplies had to be diverted to the Ministry of Food your Editor, with the most courteous dignity, called in person and taking a column from his brief-case laid it on my desk.

"Hic est quid pro quo in memoriam Februarius MCMXXXXVII," he said. I just *had* to say "Ave Martine."

Now to work. A young man in a Hampshire village has written to say that every week he calls at the local newsagent cum grocers for his rations and small batch of periodicals. An enthusiast, he enters various competitions in the literary journals and sometimes has the pleasure of winning a small prize. To his consternation, however, he finds that each time he is successful, and his name published, it is neatly underlined *in indelible pencil*. The same pencil also adds up his grocery list. The wielder is a most shapely and charming young widow. He asks should he use a pseudonym in future?

Heavens, *these* days. In five minutes he should find out what she has under her counter. Young man "Gather rosebuds while ye may."

L. G. Udall

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Company Meetings

NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA

ANOTHER SATISFACTORY YEAR

The ordinary general meeting of The National Bank of India, Ltd., will be held at 24, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., on March 25.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman, Mr. J. K. Michie, circulated with the report and accounts:

It is a pleasure to me to be able to put before you the results of another satisfactory year's work. Despite unsettled conditions in India and Burma, net profits, after necessary reservations and due provision for taxation and other charges, are slightly higher than for the year 1945. The total of the balance sheet is again higher by a little more than £1,000,000, the bulk of this increase appearing under the heading: Current, Fixed Deposit and other accounts. This increase is the more satisfactory when we take into account that during the closing months of the year many manufacturers and exporters required much larger sums to finance their business, mainly owing to the considerable advance in the prices of certain raw materials and manufactured goods.

Throughout 1946 and throughout the world each country in its own way was struggling to adapt its economy to conditions fundamentally altered by war and its aftermath. The only generalisation I feel justified in making is that sound and progressive Banking will be one of the absolute essentials to a sound and lasting world recovery, and it is our policy to ensure that the National Bank of India will be in a position to take its full share in that service in the difficult times ahead.

CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA & CHINA

RECORD FIGURES

The 93rd ordinary general meeting of The Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China will be held at 38, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., on March 26th.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman, Mr. V. A. Grantham, circulated with the report and accounts:—

Further progress has been made during the past year in re-opening agencies in countries which were occupied by the Japanese. There now only remain to be opened our agencies in Kobe, Yokohama, Sourabaya, Tongkah and Canton. That means that we have now very nearly a complete picture of the Bank's position. The Balance Sheet shows a general expansion, the total reaching the record figure of £118,174,870, an increase of £28,128,960 over that of last year.

On the Liabilities side, the major increase is in Current and other Accounts, the figure being £22,849,522 higher. This increase has been achieved in spite of the fact that we have had to revalue our position in four different currencies owing to falls in the values of the Guilder, the Tical, the Indo-China Piastre and the Chinese Dollar. Acceptances on account of Customers also show a welcome increase of £2,167,752, reflecting the greater use by our clients of this method of financing overseas trade. The increase in Notes in Circulation arises out of an expansion of our business in Hongkong.

On the Assets side, our Cash and Government Securities are up £5,743,431 and £7,026,856 respectively, while Advances are up £11,040,066. The first two items show that our liquid position has been well maintained, and the third item is eloquent testimony to the extent to which we are assisting our customers and taking our full share in the financing of world trade with the East. An increase is also shown in the item for Bills of Exchange.

After making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts and Taxation and a transfer to contingency account, the profit for the year amounts to £378,632. If we had made up our accounts as we have always done until now, and shown all dividends paid or payable on a gross basis, this profit figure would have appeared as £425,882; that is to say, an increase over last year's figure of £99,618. We have still many outstanding items to clear up as the result of the Japanese occupation of our Branches, and to a large extent this is due to the moratorium that still operates in various countries, but we have made substantial progress, and I would repeat my opinion that we are fully provided against all war losses. Our working costs everywhere have risen owing to the necessity to grant substantial increases in salaries, wages and cost-of-living allowances, but I am glad to say that the increase in our business has more than offset these increased costs. We paid an interim dividend in October last of 3½%, less tax, and we now propose to pay a final dividend of 6½%, less tax. Now that practically all our Branches are working again, there appears to be no reason why we should not return to a 10% level of dividend without further delay.

I mentioned last year the need for an increased annual allocation to both Pension and Widows' & Orphans' Funds, and your Directors feel that this year a further special allocation should be made to those funds They therefore recommend that £100,000 be added to the Pension Fund and £10,000 to the Widows' & Orphans' Fund. They also recommend that £100,000 be allocated to Premises Account.

India has enjoyed yet another year of almost unprecedented prosperity and economic progress. In Ceylon the year was a momentous one in the Island's history, for in May last the country was granted a new Constitution and reached the "threshold of Dominion Status."

Appointments Vacant

UNIV. of Leeds. Dept. of Philosophy. The Council will shortly make an appointment in Philosophy either on Assistant Lecturer Grade (initial salary £400-£450), or on Lecturer Grade (£550-£25-£900). Further partics. from Registrar, University, Leeds, 2, by whom applications should be received by March 31.

L.C.C. Applics. invited for inclusion in Panel of Examiners in following subjects: Arithmetic; Biology; Bookkeeping; Botany; Chemistry; Economics; English; English Literature; French; Geography; German; Greek; History; Latin; Local Government; Mathematics; Physics; Spanish; Typewriting; Zoology. Forms (G.P. 1/126) obtainable (stamped add. env. nec.), from Educ. Officer (G.P. 1), County Hall, S.E.1, to whom they must be returned within next three weeks.

EAST Sussex Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited from suitably qualified men and women for post of Leader of East Grinstead and District Youth Clubs. Salary will be in accordance with following scales: For Youth Leaders who have satisfactorily completed a course of training recog. by Minister of Education, £300 × £10 to £350. For Youth Leaders who are not so qualified, £270 × £10 to £320. Applic. forms, which may be obtained with further partics. from J. H. Baines, Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes, on receipt of stamped add. env., must be returned accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, not later than ten days after the appearance of this advertisement.

L.C.C. Required at Wandsworth Emergency Training College for Teachers, Trinity Rd. S.W.18, resident Nurse-Matron to take charge college sick-bay and be responsible under college M.O., for health of about 325 male student-teachers; also assist Domestic Bursar in domestic admin. of college. Training and exp. in institutional admin. desirable and candidates should be S.R.N./enrolled Assistant Nurses. Other things being equal, pref. given to candidates 25-35. Sal., under review, will depend on qualifics. and exp. of successful candidate within following limits—£181 10s. to £233 p.a., including temporary cost of living addition with emoluments of board, lodging, laundry. Applic. forms (to be returned by March 27), from Educ. Officer (S.S.6/32), County Hall, S.E.1. (634.)

HEREFORD County and City Mental Hospital. Trained Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. Salary in accordance with recommendations of Joint Negotiating Cttee. (Hospital Staffs). Applics., giving qualifics. and exp., should be sent to Med. Superintendent, County and City Mental Hospital, Burghill, Hereford.

WARDEN. Applics. wanted from men with wide exp. for post of Warden, Liverpool Club, in densely populated area. Membership 250 Boys and Girls. Salary £300 by £15 to £500 and good living accomm. on premises. Applic. forms may be obtained from Box R.620, Lee & Nightingale, Liverpool.

WORCESTERSHIRE Educ. Cttee. Assistant Leader reqd. for Youth Club in industrial part of the County. Opportunity for further exp. for man or woman contemplating Youth Service Career. Should have exp. of work with adolescents. Salary £200 plus bonus. Post is superannuable under Local Govt. Officers' Superann. Act. Applic. forms will be forwarded on receipt of stamped add. env. R. Y. Logan, Director of Education, County Buildings, Worcester. (K282.)

THE Caldecott Community. Wanted in July: (1) young domestic bursar, not under twenty-five years of age, to be responsible for general supervision of household and dining-room work. No catering or cooking. Recog. salary. Interesting post for intelligent, adaptable young woman. (2) Young trained assistant cook. Sal. £130 resident. Please apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Hyde Heath, Wareham, Dorset. The Community moves back to Kent in summer, 1947.

NURSERY School Teachers (women) or expd. Warden Teachers holding C.C.R. Certificate are wanted for non-resident posts in Church of England Children's Socy. Nurseries in various parts of the country. Holidays and pay are on Burnham scale for qualified teachers, or on M. of H. scale for Warden Teachers. Applics. to Secretary, 10/1, Church of England Children's Socy. (Waifs and Strays), Old Town Hall. Kennington Rd. S.E.11.

ASST. Warden (female) reqd. Some exp. organising, cooking an adv. £3 per week, board and sleeping accomm. Full partics.: Chairman, Management Cttee. Grosvenor Citizens Club, Ashburnham Rd. Bedford.

THE post of Headmistress of the Preparatory School of Royal Wanstead School will be cant in September next. Froebel training de-irable. Full partics. may be obtained from orman Turvey, Royal Wanstead School, Wan-ead, E.11, to whom applications should be nt as soon as possible.

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Appointments Vacant—continued

REQD. immediately, Housemistress for School of 20 girls (ages 15-19), who are specially selected for secondary education and prof. and business training. Sal. according to age or qualifics. in accordance with Home Office Scale. Minimum £290 less £78 board-res. Write: Headmistress, Ellerslie Hall Approved School, Leeds, 1, for applic. form.

CAMBRIDGE University Press, 200 Euston Rd. N.W.1, have vacancies for office juniors, boys or girls age about 16, and junior copy typist or invoice typist.

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COMMON Ground, Ltd., 1a Sydney Place, S.W.7, makers of educational film strips, req. Illustration Research Worker for technical and scientific subjects. Candidates should hold degree in Mechanical Engineering and possess practical exp. of engineering work, together with ability to visualise. Sal. £400-£500 p.a. Junior Illustration Research Worker for general subjects holding degree in General Arts. Sal. £300-£400 p.a.

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ADVERTISER would be glad to hear of a household willing to take Spanish girl help, domestic or children. Knowledge of English language. Box 5610.

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